

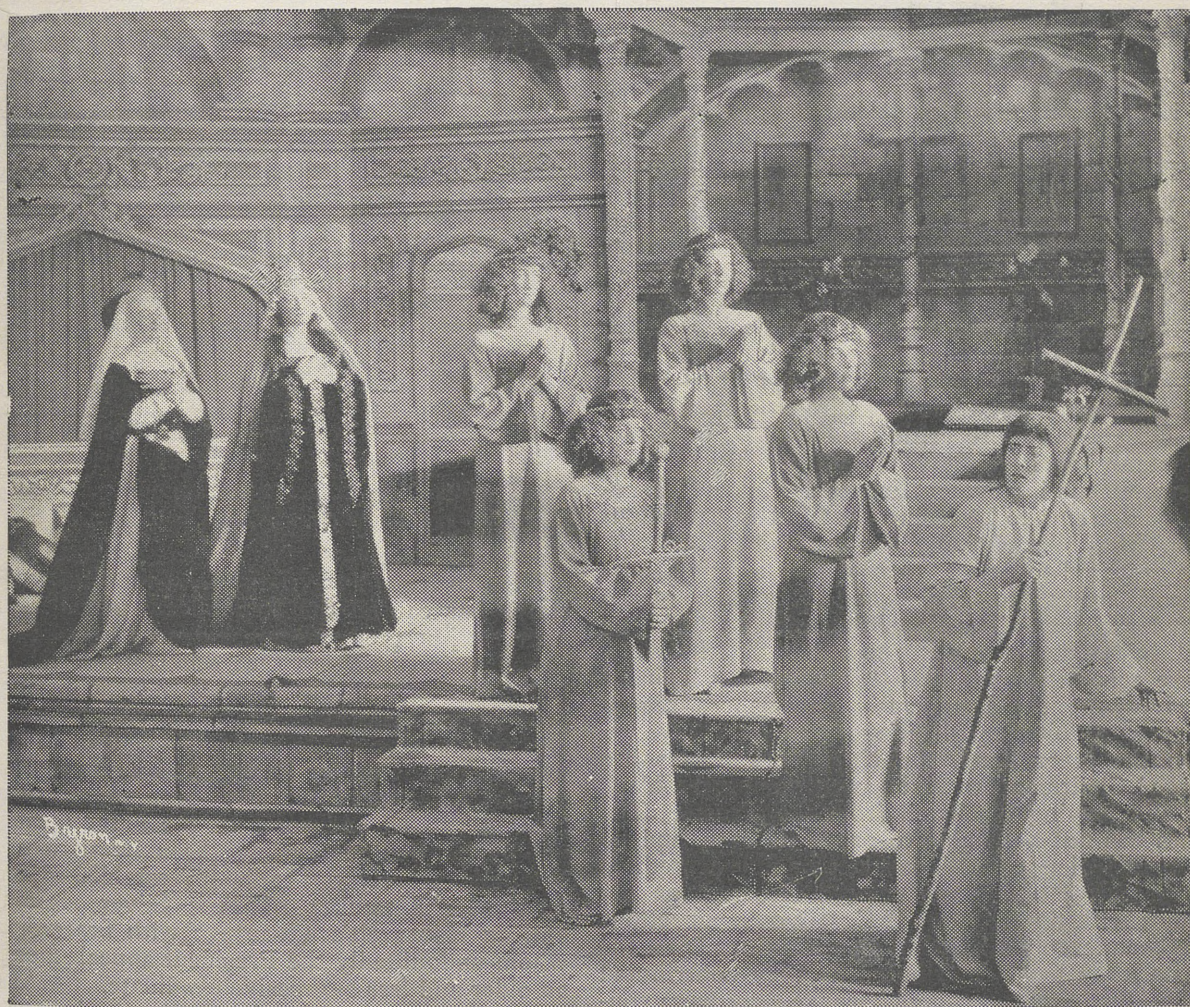
GRAPHIC

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Los Angeles, Cal., October 29, 1904

Price, 10 Cents

"Everyman's" Pilgrimage



"Everyman," the morality play which will be presented at Hazard's Pavilion next week by the Ben Greet Company, was written in the Fifteenth Century. The simple drama depicts the last solemn crisis in every man's life when he is forced to respond to the call of Death. The scenic investiture is all of the Elizabethan period : : : : :

PHOTO BY HENRY J. BROWN
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GRAPHIC

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Matters of Moment

The Political Outlook

Within the past week nothing has appeared on the political horizon to disturb the assurance of the "Graphic's" prophecy that the Republican party will win "hands down" next Tuesday week. Judge Parker made an important speech on the tariff, which would doubtless make an impression upon the country, had not his former inaction invalidated his candidacy and had voters the least notion that the Democrats could heal "the dropsical patient." Grover Cleveland, who still commands a large and respectful audience, also added his weight to Judge Parker's cause, but almost entirely confined his massive utterances to criticism.

A story has been "played up" by the Hearst papers, emanating from "Frenzied Finance" Lawson, who seems to be losing his head in sensationalism. It is alleged that the "Standard Oil Crowd" have prepared to defeat Roosevelt by sending large sums of money into the doubtful States to purchase votes for Parker. The Republican press takes little stock in the story, refusing to admit that its wide-awake reporters have been "scooped" by Thomas W. Lawson; the Democratic newspapers regard Hearst's exploitation of the story as treachery.

On the other hand, the New York Times has charged Chairman Cortelyou with raising the black flag and levying blackmail from the Trusts. The Times has not been able to prove its case, and no fair man believes that Roosevelt or any accredited representative of his has entered into any unholy alliance with the Trusts. If Cortelyou's collections have been largely swelled by contributions from the Trusts, they have contributed as they contributed in the McKinley campaigns because they were confident that a Republican administration assured the prosperity of the country's finance and industries.

There seems little doubt that Odellism will be responsible for the defeat of the Republican State ticket in New York, although the Republican leaders still are hopeful that notwithstanding Higgins's defeat, Roosevelt will be victorious. In the West we have little idea how the name and influence of Odell stink in the nostrils of the best citizenship in New York. Colonel Harvey's terrific arraignment of him in Harper's Weekly follows:

Here is the "business Governor"—the most sordid and most dangerous element in American public life. For David B. Hill as a political factor we have exceedingly small respect, for Thomas C. Platt hardly more; but either is an angel of light as compared with Benjamin B. Odell, if baleful influence constitute the criterion of judgment. Neither, at any rate, has utilized the vantage of a high honor conferred upon him by the people for personal gain or the wreaking of a personal vengeance upon individuals or corporations not willing to submit to virtual blackmail. We spoke of Governor Odell as a brute in politics. He is worse. Consider that only a few years ago he was an insignificant political lieutenant in a small city, that he was taken up by the leader of his party, and by sheer force of authority on the part of the latter was carried to the highest position within the gift of a reluctant people, that, having reached this point of security and power, he turned, like a dog, and bit the half-palsied hand of his benefactor. As an ingrate he is beyond the pale of competition. Recall the contemptuous attitude he assumed when appealed to by his party's President to waive personal considerations at a critical moment, how he boasted of being summoned to Washington, how he sneered that he might or might not recognize the call, but if at all at his own convenience, how he gloated over his triumph over the helpless old man who had lifted him above the heads of decent and deserving partisans. Note his cynical disregard of the most ordinary conventions in constituting himself an avowed political boss while still holding the second highest executive position in the Union. Reflect upon the "business" transactions of a "business" Governor, the participation in syndicates giving away shares not paid for, the whining when "prospective profits" were "lost," the undisguised efforts to get even by implied threats, by suits at law in courts of the state whose Governor appoints judges, by the introduction of strange bills in a legislature controlled by the executive—all openly and brazenly done in flagrant defiance of public opinion and personal self-respect. Contemplate a man of no intellectuality, of no sense of decency as a public official, of moral sense not blunted but non-existent, as vulgar politically as John W. Gates personally, a hateful excrescence upon the body politic, with all his bravado so cowardly that an aged father must hold up his hands, while successful a constant, living degradation of the ideals of American youth—and there you have your business Governor, your business chairman, your business speculator.

Odellism will almost certainly drag Higgins down to defeat and may carry Roosevelt with it in the Empire State.

Next to New York, Indiana, Tom Taggart's own state, has caused the Republican managers most concern, but they see no evidences to warrant the Democratic prediction that this state, which at the last five elections has given the Republican party pronounced majorities, will reverse its record. The Democrats have made every inducement to leading negroes to line up for Parker, and with considerable success. Taggart has always been popular with the colored people, and some of the inducements held out by his lieutenants have been irresistible. The Republicans rely on Indiana's established record; on the large number of Free Silver malcontents and on Roosevelt's advantage with first voters, to whom undoubtedly the President appeals more than an older and less aggressive candidate.

The best authorities in California believe that this state will give Roosevelt and Fairbanks 50,000 majority, and the prospects are excellent that a solid Republican delegation will represent the state in Congress.

Sherlock Holmes on the Issue

"What is the issue in the present political campaign? First, what is not the issue? I begin to eliminate. The issue is not the influence of Racine on French literature; dismiss that at once. It is not the conflict between old-fashioned educational methods and the new science of pedagogics. It is not

the cuneiform inscriptions, nor the problem of the deceased wife's sister. It is not the rape of the Isthmus, as the *Evening Post* supposes, nor the segregation of wealth by plutocratic Democrats, as the *Tribune* is convinced, nor the direction of the wind in Paris, as the *Herald* seems to believe. Pursuing this process of elimination, I pitch out the tariff, the trusts, the Philippines, Odellism, postal graft and a score more of seeming issues, and finally arrive at the one, the real, the dominant issue."

The Doubtful Voter leaned forward breathlessly. "Yes, yes," he cried; "and that issue is—"

"Theodore Roosevelt!" said Holmes. "I have his confession in my pocket."

"Heaven be praised!" cried the Doubtful Voter, standing erect. "At last I know how to vote!"

When he was gone I turned to my remarkable friend. "And how will he vote, Holmes?" I asked.

His reply was an enigmatic smile.

—Puck.

Bung and Spigot

Those sentimentalists who have been shedding their sympathies over the threatened woes of the San Fernando Valley ranchers, should ponder the adage "Charity begins at home." A paper read last week by Superintendent Mulholland of the water department, before the Sunset Club, should be the means of revealing to the citizens of Los Angeles that they stand face to face with the grave and inevitable problem of replenishing the constantly diminishing water supply. Mr. Mulholland indisputably demonstrated that Los Angeles is rapidly using up its principal: that there is a limit to all things, especially to good things; that, as the spigot did not yield enough, we have been drawing from the bung.

Mr. Mulholland showed that since the installation during the last four years of between 70 and 80 pumping plants by irrigators in the San Fernando Valley, the supply of the Los Angeles river had steadily decreased, in exact ratio with the amount of sub-flow drawn off by the ranchers. The waters of the Los Angeles river have been recognized as the property of the city of Los Angeles for 125 years. The question to be decided by the courts is—Are the ranchers of the San Fernando Valley within their rights in drawing off the sub-flow of the river, without which there is practically no river? Mr. Mulholland pointed out that the shrinkage of the great artesian belts, and, in fact, of the whole supply of sub-water, is by no means entirely due to a lack of rainfall, but must in large part be accounted for by the fact that we are exhausting this source faster than it can be replenished.

While Mr. Mulholland was careful not to sound "too loud a note of alarm," his premises were so scientific and his deductions so logical that it is impossible to overlook the fact that a grave emergency confronts Los Angeles. He expresses his confidence that the emergency will be met "by the building of a work that centuries hence will be pointed to as a monument, not only of engineering skill, but of the indomitable pluck and foresight of the present generation."

Under such circumstances is it not time to squelch the silly sentimentalism "in favor of surrendering the city's established rights to the waters of the Los Angeles river watershed to the farmers of the San Fernando Valley?" It will be of advantage to bear in mind the following facts culled from Mr. Mulholland's most able and enlightening paper:

The San Fernando Valley is the sole and only present source of water supply for Los Angeles.

The San Fernando water shed for the last year has yielded about 55 cubic feet per second, constant flow, from an area of 450 square miles; the equivalent of a rainfall of 1.65 inches over the whole shed. This is the minimum flow ever observed. This same shed in 1892 yielded a flow of 100 cubic feet a second, the equivalent of about 3 inches of rain. The average rainfall observed at the Los Angeles station for the five years preceding 1893 was 21.03 inches, while that for the five years preceding the present year was 12.61 inches. From these figures it is deduced that of the heavy precipitation preceding the summer of 1893, 14.28 per cent was conserved for summer flow, while only 13.08 per cent of the lighter precipitation was conserved. Mr. Mulholland thus exposes the absurdity of the theory that much of the flow of our valleys must have its origin outside their normal sheds.

The average consumption of the city of Los Angeles for the last summer was about 2500 inches, at the rate of one inch to eleven acres of the incorporated area.

There is not the slightest doubt that if even half the area of the lower part of the San Fernando Valley is irrigated by water drawn from the sub-flow, the splendid heritage of the Los Angeles river will be utterly lost to the city.

The present daily yield of the San Fernando basin is 35,000,000 gallons—greater than the average consumption of the city of San Francisco.

It is only within the last three or four years that the ranchers of the San Fernando Valley have been using the water in controversy for irrigating purposes. If the present rate of pumping it continues (there are already between 70 and 80 pumping plants in the Valley) exhaustion is as certain as that night succeeds day.

Throughout the whole of Southern California, the surface of ground saturation has subsided at least twenty feet in the last four years, although the average rainfall for these four years has been 12.78 inches, which is only about 14 per cent below the average. Hence it is realized that the shrinkage of these great artesian belts, and, in fact, of the whole supply of sub-water, is not entirely due to a lack of rainfall, but to the fact that we are exhausting the source faster than it can be replenished.

We cannot depend on the run-off from the natural watersheds, if our agricultural industries are to be expanded or if our city populations are to be increased.

An enormous expenditure will be required to bring a remote but reliable supply of water to this territory.

With this serious situation confronting Los Angeles it is a consolation to realize that in William Mulholland the city has a superintendent of the water department who is thoroughly experienced in the needs and the possibilities of this section, who is a civil engineer of undoubted science and skill, and on whom we may rely as a Moses to strike the right rock.

It also occurs to us that the situation suggests another vital reason for the awakening of the civic conscience: that citizens should arouse themselves to the necessity of purging the city hall of wastrels and grafters and of electing honorable business men to the city council and other municipal offices who may conserve the city's money, for which inevitably there shortly will be an enormous demand in order that the water emergency may be met.

The Dogger Bank Outrage

The attention of the civilized world has been suddenly diverted from Kuropatkin and Oyama on the Shakhe river to an extraordinary and hitherto inexplicable incident that occurred off Dogger bank on the North Sea, just before midnight last Friday, October 21. The simple narrative of the "admiral" of the English fishing fleet tells the whole story as yet known:

We were fishing in lat. 55.19 north and long. 5 east the night of October 21. At 11:30 p. m. a large fleet of men-of-war sprung up on our leeboard, the wind being about south-southeast. One squadron passed by our lee side. The remainder, consisting of four battleships, steamed just across our head, throwing searchlights over our fleet.

As soon as they got to windward they began firing on us, their projectiles flying all around and across our decks for a full quarter of an hour, some of the shots passing under the mainsail and so near the men who were gutting fish, that they cleared out down below, one shot passing right between them. I very much regret to say that others in the fleet were not so fortunate as us in escaping hurt. The Crane was sunk, her skipper and third hand were killed and all the rest of the crew were wounded, with the exception of the cook.

It was the skipper of the Gull who, being hailed by the Crane, saying, 'We are sinking,' hove up his gear, got out a boat and went to the rescue of the unfortunate survivors. The Moulmein, Mino and Snipe all had shots through them, the two former vessels being obliged to make sail homeward. I think two or three vessels did not board us in the morning, but that may be owing to the thick weather causing them to miss the fleet.

I don't know whether they took us for Japanese or whether they were practicing to get their hands in. There must be a mistake somewhere. They ought to have known we were only inoffensive fishermen.

It is impossible to conceive any plausible explanation for Rojestvensky's unparalleled escapade. It was either "murderous intention or wicked negligence." Either the nerves of the Russian officers are so demoralized that they have lost their nerve or else they were celebrating the start of the Baltic fleet with a colossal debauch. The brutality of sailing away without a thought for their ruthless murder of innocent fishermen is the most damnable feature of the outrage.

Great Britain has acted with exemplary restraint. The unfortunate Emperor of Russia has expressed his profound humiliation. Much more is needed and much more will be granted, unless the spark has been dropped which will set all Europe aflame.

O poor mortals, how ye make this Earth bitter for each other; this fearful and wonderful Life fearful and horrible; and Satan has his place in all hearts! Such agonies and ragings and wailings ye have, and have had, in all times—to be buried all in so deep silence; and the salt sea is not swollen with your tears.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

The Primaries

Once more the absence of organization and concentration of effort on the part of those who are anxious for good government was conspicuous in the city primary election last Tuesday. The consequence is that the discredited street superintendent, the wastrel Werdin, is boasting a premature triumph and the Republican convention in session today (Friday) may disgrace itself by nominating him.

Mayor Snyder's victory seems to have been complete, and unless the Republican convention nominates a strong and well known man, his re-election is fairly assured. In the *Graphic's* opinion, City Attorney Matthews is the only man who could beat

him, and Mathews is the only man of whom Snyder and his counsellors are really afraid.

The nomination by the Republican convention of an amiable political nonentity like S. A. Butler for mayor, and the nomination by the Democrats of an unreliable weakling like Ince for street superintendent, will insure the election of Snyder and Werdin, the precious pair of self-seekers whom the public utility corporations can best use.

The gross absurdity of mixing partisan politics with municipal affairs was once more fully demonstrated last Tuesday. It is an impertinent and irrelevant inquisition to demand of a citizen if he is a Republican or a Democrat when he is selecting men to transact taxpayers' business. The ridiculous tangle in which municipal politics are now wound is mainly due to the perpetuation of the absurd system of party nominations for civic office.

The only way we shall ever get decent representative and honest administration is by the abolition of the present primary and convention misshapen system. When we are able to inaugurate primaries at which the voter will vote under the Australian ballot **directly** for the candidate whom he wishes to be nominated, instead of voting delegates to convention or caucus, then the **people** and not the **corporations** will control municipal affairs.

Parker had a little lamb,
He called it Mary Jane;
It did not talk and had no views,
Hence it was "safe and sane."

—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Ware the Gray Wolves

The various candidates for city office have had the center of the stage this week, and the hornblowers are tooting vociferously. General Apathy is in command of the national campaign forces on both sides, despite the few weak bladders of hot air that have been exploded with premeditation. One might be led to believe that Snyder and Butler and McAleer and Kern are of more importance than Roosevelt and Parker and Watson, and so on down the line. But, there is a bigger factor to be injected into the municipal campaign than pink whiskers and corporation affiliations.

Don't forget the charter amendments.

The people ought not to forget them, anyway. The fifteen amendments that patched up the wabbling municipal ship of state two years ago and made a seaworthy craft of it constituted one of the Best Things that Ever Happened to Los Angeles. They helped to give the city good government; they have kept the Gray Wolves from the public crib—there's a hole in the fence yet—and made honest office-holding easier of accomplishment. They have laid down the law to the incompetent and the corrupt—Thus far thou shalt go, and no farther.

To be sure, the Recall is not yet out of the woods and the Gray Wolves are howling with glee and whetting their fangs in anticipation of the day when the Decapitator of the Unfit shall be shorn of its power. But even should the Recall be invalidated by the Supreme Court, the authority of the people will remain where it always has been.

The people are waking up; they are coming into their own, and the transition will be completed, despite the snarls of the Gray Wolves, who resent being deprived of the power they have usurped and misused.

The proposed charter amendments, particularly that creating a Board of Public Works, constitute another long stride in the right directions. The Gray Wolves of the council pack have sought to put a crimp in the Public Works amendment, by making the appointees subject to confirmation by that body. They are jealous of the vanishing vestiges of their power; and the argument is, indeed, not altogether on one side. That a desperate fight will be made against the charter amendments seems more than probable; but in the light of the vote on the last amendments submitted and the results secured, it will be amazing indeed should the people be neglectful of their Opportunity. It will not however, do to take things for granted. The great interest taken in the last charter amendment was secured by a hard, persistent, loud campaign by a part of the press and by the active, loyal friends of good government generally. Ware the Gray Wolves!

Psychological Quackery

Folly has always been a profitable commodity in the eyes of the cunning, but perhaps there never was a time when fools were in the same danger of exploitation as in these days of psychical research. Psychology, like medicine, interests every one. Psychical problems are not worked out in silence, they are discussed in the public periodicals. The cunning thus get hold of the raw material of thought, and put it to their own nefarious purposes. They describe suggestions as theories, they draw concrete delusions from abstract hypotheses, and thus they deceive the ignorant, and will not believe that safety for the unlearned lies, not in the spacious fields of untrodden speculation, but in the well-worn foot-paths of experience and commonsense. The extent of the power of mind over matter is a secret which scientific men are eagerly seeking. They are beginning to suspect that its scope is greater than has hitherto been imagined. Charlatans fall upon their carefully expressed suspicions, declare them to be discoveries, and promptly set to work, with the aid of a few foolish victims, to turn them into money.—*The Spectator*

Small Angelica's family were moving away from their native town. The night before they were to leave, Angelica was heard to conclude her customary bed-time prayer as follows: "... and now good-by, God, for tomorrow we're going to move to Chicago."

Firelight

When winds are chill and the skies are sober,
And clouds lie low on the misty hill,
A lover comes with the grey October
A blank in our empty hearts to fill.

In the ingle she waits with red-gold tresses,
With rosy cheeks and with lips rose-red,
And we stretch our hands to her warm caresses
In days when the drifted leaves lie dead.

Not a thought has she but to do our pleasure,
With flash and sparkle to light our eyes,
To gladden each hour of twilight leisure
With richer dreams than the sunset skies.

She croons to us songs of buried summer
When loud west winds in the chimney hum;
She heralds winter, the proud new-comer,
With blaring bugle and roaring drum.

She peoples the far forgotten ages
With shining legions of horse and foot
Till our hearts forget how they won their wages
Of cold grey ashes and dead-sea fruit.

She builds us castles of golden glory,
And builds them splendid with sharp and tower.—
Yet the sweetest word is her own love-story,
The warmth of her heart at the twilight hour!

—William H. Ogilvie.

Character Sketches

XV.

James Wilfred McKinley

The strongest individual force in Republican party politics in Southern California today is Judge McKinley. That opinion will not be gainsaid by anyone who knows, even if it is the cause of rampant rage to Judge McKinley's single and arch enemy. McKinley occupies the unique position of commanding the complete confidence of the Dictator of the State, William F. Herrin, and also of the Republican party in Southern California. He was Mr. Herrin's first choice to succeed Senator Bard, and there is very little doubt that he would have had a "walk-over" for the honor, had he chosen to enter the race. The submission of California Republicans to the Herrin yoke is another story, but it is a fact that today Mr. Herrin's nod is of more avail in deciding the personality of the next United States senator than the will of the entire electorate. Mr. Herrin will control the next legislature as he controlled the last. Judge McKinley is the head of the Southern Pacific's law department in Southern California and is Mr. Herrin's personal representative. But Judge McKinley had long ago won his political spurs by his own individuality—by his firmness of purpose, by his discretion in tactics, by the confidence his personality dispensed—in fine, by his natural talents for leadership. Mentally, as physically, he towers above those who have competed with him for supremacy. In a political convention he stands head and shoulders above those who have sought to trip or obstruct him. He does not hide his head or his hand, nor is it his custom to lobby in back alleys. When he fights, he fights in the open and "on the square." His manner is not effusive but eminently frank. He is a good listener and can keep his own counsel—an asset in political success that cannot be overestimated. He does not go into a campaign until he has thoroughly mastered the field and the forces. Then his fences are fortified, his lines well laid, and his word of command is simple and direct.

Politics is Judge McKinley's diversion. The distraction and recreation that other men seek in golf or hunting, McKinley finds in the game of politics. He has no personal political ambitions, that is, of selfish distinction—other than to play the game and to win. This fact is certainly of supreme advantage in leadership, since with no selfish goal in sight a broader view of the field is taken.

McKinley came to California twenty-one years ago. The following year found him active in politics, his energy being largely responsible for the formation and success of the Young Men's Republican Club; 1884 was the first year that this county went thoroughly Republican. In March '89, McKinley and Lucien Shaw were appointed by Governor Waterman to the new departments in the Superior Court. McKinley was then only thirty-two years of age. The following year he was elected to succeed himself and served on the Superior Court bench till January, 1897. During those eight years on the bench he totally abstained from politics, save on one occasion only, when he adjourned court to attend a convention before which Harrison Gray Otis was a candidate for delegate-at-large. Col. Otis was defeated. McKinley's record on the bench

as an able and fair jurist was unexceptionable and he resigned his judgeship to the universal regret of the bar of Los Angeles county, which eight years before had endorsed his nomination in the face of the bitterest opposition from the Los Angeles Times.

Like all Otis's enmities, his animosity to McKinley arose from personal spleen. In the latter '80's, H. H. Boyce prosecuted a number of libel suits against the Times and J. W. McKinley was retained by the prosecution. In one signal instance McKinley was instrumental in securing a sweeping victory for his clients—the Gladstone Co., of which H. H. Boyce was head and front. The Times-Mirror Company was forced to pay a \$3000 fine, to publish a retraction, and Col. Otis agreed to resign and retire from its management. Otis's humiliation was complete and thenceforward the name of J. W. McKinley was anathema, occupying the most conspicuous position in the Otisian Book of Books. Years afterwards in the Tingley libel suit Judge McKinley had the satisfaction of making his argument in Gen. Otis's presence. For many years Otis had pursued McKinley with characteristic vindictiveness in his newspaper and the attorney availed himself of the opportunity to publicly express his regard for Otis.

McKinley's most noteworthy achievement in politics was at the state convention in 1902. The committee on resolutions, which had been appointed by Chairman Neff, elected by the anti-Gage forces, reported without a line of endorsement of the Governor's administration. Judge McKinley thereupon made one of the most remarkable fights on the floor of the convention in the political history of the state, with the result that a resolution complimentary to Governor Gage was inserted, his generalship and his forceful eloquence reversing the temper of the delegates. He was appointed on the Republican state executive committee in 1900, and still serves thereon. At the last national convention he was chairman of the state delegation. For the last two years he has been a regent of the University of California.

James Wilfred McKinley was born in Western Pennsylvania, April 24, 1857, and is in the very prime of physical and mental strength. He was educated in the public schools and in the University of Pennsylvania. Subsequently in 1879 he graduated from the University of Michigan. Returning to his native state he read law in Newcastle, was admitted to the bar in 1881 and practiced in Newcastle for a year and a half. In 1883 he came to Los Angeles and entered into partnership with the late I. F. Hutton. In 1885 he was elected city attorney. From 1886 to 1889, when he was appointed to the Superior bench, he was in partnership with the late W. T. Williams. On his retirement from the bench eight years later he found a large and remunerative practice awaiting him. Three years ago he was first employed by the Southern Pacific on a number of crossing cases with the electric railways, and since the retirement of Frank P. Flint a few months ago he is responsible for all the Southern Pacific's legal business in this territory.

James McKinley was brought up in the faith of his fathers a rigid Presbyterian, and until he agreed to disagree with the Presbytery he was a pillar of that church. His disagreement was precipitated by the historical differences between the pastor of the First Presbyterian church, the Rev. Burt Estes Howard, and a minority of the congregation who opposed the removal of the church to Twentieth street. A fierce church war was waged, but both

the Ecclesiastical and Civil courts decided against the hosts of Howard, McKinley and Slauson. McKinley, I believe, has since worshipped at home.

Ordinary exercise does not appeal to Judge McKinley and as I have said his chief diversion is politics. Lately, however, he has been absorbing instruction from a professor of physical culture, but I do not imagine he really needs it. He is always as straight as an arrow and has never developed a tendency to embonpoint. Although an exceedingly hard worker, with a mass of business constantly on his desk, he always makes time to straighten out a friend's difficulties or to give him needed advice. I have never seen him either smoke or take a drink. Positively the only dissipation I believe him to be guilty of is found in dominoes, at which he and Senator Bulla, mortal enemies in politics, indulge in many a friendly combat.

The absolute integrity that has distinguished Judge McKinley both at the bar and on the bench has also rendered his political career immune from attacks that hurt. He can well afford to smile at the puerile newspaper wit which takes liberties with his Christian name and tortures it to "Jay" and his judicial title to "Jedge." That is the full extent of the impression the Times's perpetual attacks have made either upon him or upon the public. No man stands higher in the councils of his party, or in the confidence of the public, or in the regard of his friends. The only pity is that his great talents are enlisted in the cause of the corporation which dominates the politics of the state, and whose interests by no means always coincide with the will of the people. Had the people a few such champions as Judge McKinley, the people and not W. F. Herrin would control the politics of California.

JUNIUS.

A clergyman of a small village church had caught a very bad cold and was unable to preach his usual Sunday sermon. He bade the sexton, who was rather deaf, take his place in the pulpit while the clergyman sat on the steps of the pulpit and whispered up the first sentence, "Moses was an austere man." Sexton: "Moses was an ostrich man." Clergyman: "He anointed people's sins." Sexton: "He made ointment for people's shins." Clergyman: "You silly fool, you've gone and spoilt it all." Sexton: "And the silly fool he went and spilt it all."

Vulgar Interest in Wife-Shooter.

Where lawyers disagree so widely concerning professional remuneration as did eminent members of the bar in the Silent-Griffith case, it seems presumptuous for a layman to express an opinion, although twelve good and true laymen have expressed an opinion that is temporarily effective, reducing Judge Silent's demanded fee of \$20,000 to \$500. What struck me, however, as supremely ridiculous was an interview in one of the papers with Griffith J. Griffith the day after the jury's verdict. Who in thunder cares what Griffith J. Griffith, the convicted wife-shooter and exposed megalomaniac, thinks about anything—least of all concerning his satisfaction at escaping the payment of some of his lawyers? The public's interest in Griffith today is as intensely vulgar as the mental depravity which makes dime museums, containing wax figures of murderers, profitable institutions. I understand Griffith is preparing his autobiography for publication, and no doubt vulgar fools will be found to read it. Nothing but convict's stripes, which his wealth has as yet averted, will make the least impression on his elephantine vanity.

By The Way

"Terrors" Degenerating.

Last Saturday the organization known as Teddy's Terrors, which was founded in the campaign of 1903 to assist the Republican national ticket, made a tour through the district of Supervisor Pete Wilson who is up for re-election. The performance marked a distinct step backwards for a political club which has, up to this time, borne a reputation considerably above that of the ordinary machine affair. In the beginning its membership was carefully selected, and its work was restricted to the national ticket. Now its ranks are beginning to fill with job-holders and job-chasers, and it is allowing itself to be used to help out in local fights on behalf of candidates of unsavory record. In these tours and so-called "round-ups," the name of E. R. Werdin appears always with striking prominence. Already a quiet exodus has begun among the class of men who joined the club, not because they were hunting some political position, but because of their patriotic interest in the national cause. Men of that sort say little, but they are "too busy" to go. By these tokens, the finish of the famous Teddy's Terrors begins to loom over the horizon. The custom is coming into vogue among organizations of this character in eastern cities of restricting the membership to those who are neither holders of, nor candidates for, public office. In no other way can the standard of the organization as a disinterested agent in political affairs, be maintained. With this kind of a restriction in its membership, Teddy's Terrors would never have been out swinging around Pete Wilson's district, exhorting young men to vote the straight local ticket, no matter what kind of material it may contain. A city campaign is about to begin, and we outsiders are looking on with interest to observe whether the Terrors are to be led around like tame bears with rings in their noses by every machine politician that chances to capture a place on the municipal ticket.

Oratory and Conscience.

On these political excursions most of the talking is done by John G. Mott, Oscar Lawler and L. C. Gates, all of them men of good abilities and unquestioned uprightness of character. One is prompted to wonder how men of this order account to their consciences for what they say on such occasions. They are all, as yet, young in the business, and are not to be classed with the cheap spell-binders that go about the country howling for "victory to perch upon our banners." They are taxpayers and men of affairs, and they do not wish to see the county's money thrown at a mark—and yet they go about proclaiming the doctrine that we must vote for a yellow dog if he happens to slide in on the ticket, and the business interests of the county may go hang. A newspaper man knows many secrets that he does not give to the world. I won't say it of these particular men, because I have never been especially in their confidence, but it has often happened to me to listen to a fine speech—able, convincing and eloquent—from some local orator urging everybody to vote the straight ticket without a scratch, and at the conclusion of the performance

have him come to my office and talk about what an outrage it was that X and Y were allowed to steal the nomination, and how he hoped to heaven they would be defeated by big majorities. Newspaper men do the same thing, you say? Sometimes, yes; but the case is hardly parallel, for the great majority of newspaper men work for a paper whose policy is determined by its owners, and if the writers failed to obey orders, they would lose their places and their families' support, and others would take up the work and go on with it. But these orators are men of independent means who do this sort of thing from actual choice. Besides, the old-fashioned, thick-and-thin newspaper is going out, its place being filled now with one that is absolutely independent in local affairs. But who has ever heard of an orator that dared to suggest to his hearers that they vote for the best men irrespective of party?

A plain, blunt business man was selected to deliver a speech at the dedication of a monument. The old man got rattled and forgot his speech. Turning to the crowd, he said:

"Ye know we've built this here statue at great expense to mark this historic spot, and now we are going to unveil it. There he paused a moment to see if he could remember his speech. It was lost completely. So he ended thus:

"So we are—are going to unveil it, to see if the durned thing's genuine."

Jim Hellman's Selections.

I am sorry to see that the Reformers do not extend their attacks to all the machine operators in the Republican party who work for the end of personal gain solely. I have yet to hear a word about Jim Hellman's activity in municipal politics. Mr. Hellman is one of the men who sell large quantities of goods to the city and who take an active interest in the selection of candidates for office. It is hardly to be supposed that he favors those who are averse to buying the Hellman goods. It may not be generally known, but Mr. Hellman's power in councilmanic contests is even greater if less notorious than Walter Parker's or William E. Dunn's. The Municipal League would do well to note the men Mr. Hellman supports and copper them.

Conundra.

Here's a conundrum for Republican regulars. What was Colonel Diss of Teddy's Terrors doing on Tuesday, and why did he do it?

Here's another conundrum that is easy: What Republican central committeeman was among Mayor Snyder's hardest workers at the primaries? And while in the conundrum business I will give you this: How many of the Butler securing committee members voted the Snyder tickets at the primaries? I don't care to inject a party fight at the city convention, but for reference in the future I think I will print the answers to these puzzles in next week's issue.

McAleer's Dilemma.

The split in the Republican machine widens. Leo Youngworth and D. C. McGarvin are in hostile camps on the mayoralty nomination. Leo sticks to the Butler "securing" program, while McGarvin has plunged into the McAleer campaign with both feet and all his brain. McAleer thrice put aside the nomination when he was implored to be a candidate. It was then semi-officially given out that the Baker

Iron Works had offered such objections and such inducements that he either had to quit the company or leave politics. There seems to have arisen a peculiar change in this respect. It is a fact that last spring H. E. Huntington volunteered to aid McAleer in a mayoralty campaign in order to get him out of the council, but the First Ward statesman scoffed at the plan. McGarvin in the caucus of First Warders at the League rooms on Monday said that he was certain that no corporation would oppose McAleer. How could he be certain? Who told him? Furthermore, what means McAleer's change of tactics? Was he not offered an interest in the Baker Iron Works if he would abstain from politics?

He—You've got to have a pull to get ahead.
She—Yes, and you've got to have a head to get a pull.

Kern's Eye-Opener.

Councilman Kern has become convinced of the little value to be put on the "Labor Vote" when it is promised by so-called labor leaders. Mr. Kern and his backers counted on 2,500 labor votes to carry his primaries. A few workers turned out from that element, but the voters staid away from the polls. That is a political phenomenon that never fails to be noted on election day. Mr. Kern was used by those who were not so friendly to him as they were hostile to Mayor Snyder; now that he has fallen, the men who were patting him on the back Monday will hardly know him today. I sincerely hope his valuable services will be retained in the council.

Too Much Politics.

Although the national campaign is the quietest ever known and although the county election is limited to supervisors and members of the legislature, nevertheless, our newspapers are full of political articles and the talk on the street corners and in the clubs and restaurants is of little else. The chief reason of this is the concurrence of the municipal nominations with the fall elections, one overlapping the other in a way to fairly smother us with the noise and dust of political agitation. A worse arrangement than this could scarcely be devised. It might even be better if the municipal election were coincident with the national. However, relief is in sight, for the same amendment to the city charter that provides for a Board of Public Works—which is reasonably certain of carrying—shifts the municipal election from the even numbered years to the odd numbered, so that it will alternate with the state and the national elections. This new arrangement will not go into effect immediately, for the coming term must be filled out to 1906, and then will follow a three year term bringing us to an uneven year. In other years we shall be compelled once more to go through the storm and stress of overlapping elections and after that we shall know this particular nuisance no more.

Good Government Fakes.

During the recent Flint-Bard contest, Otheman Stevens, who writes the clever column in the Examiner, "The Colonel," directed the force of his satire against the use of the term "business men" in politics. Flint called all his organizations Business Men's clubs and Bard's followers retorted in kind; so Stevens throughout the campaign applied the name to every organization of politicians that

got together anywhere to fix a slate. There was the Eddie Morris North Spring Street Business Men's Club, and the Walter Parker Seventh Ward Business Men's Club, and the Billy Dunn Electric Shop Business Men's Club. It appears that political styles change with the seasons as do the hats of the ladies. The latest thing in politics now is the Good Government club. Business Men are no longer in vogue. Reformers are to have their day. Thus we have the Boyle Heights Good Government Blanchard Club and Tom Savage's Alameda Street Good Government League and Werdin's Pico Heights Good Government Association and Snyder's Barkeepers' and Brewers' Good Government Union. Presently Cline will be out with a Reformed Public Utilities Club and Huntington will be in the field with a No-Franchise-without-Universal Transfers Civic League. Possibly the Times might dig up Ex-Chief-of-Police Elton and have him get up a Social Purity Union. It is a great graft. Koepfli and Willard and Davis, who until recently had a monopoly of the reform business, must be aghast at the sudden but dubious popularity that has overtaken their ideas.

Information.

Milton K. Young wagered twenty-seven hats that Kern would receive the Democratic nomination for mayor. Milton was sure that Kern would win because Fred Harkness told him so. Izzy Dockweiler told Fred, Jo Simons told Izzy, Mayor Burke told Jo, and M. W. Conklin told the mayor, but Milton cannot replevin the hats from Conklin.

Railroad "Competition."

Three weeks ago I remarked, "As a matter of fact, Senator Clark and Mr. Harriman have an exactly equal share and interest in the Salt Lake railroad." Last Saturday the daily papers illuminated their first pages with the "news" from Butte that "Senator Clark tonight announces the sale of half of the Los Angeles, San Pedro and Salt Lake road to the Oregon Short Line. He says it is to have a transcontinental outlet over the Union Pacific." How very kind of Senator Clark to let the people into his confidence long after they had found him out! It is amusing to think of the reams of paper that have been consumed in extolling Clark's great independent enterprise and his philanthropic promise "to deliver Southern California from the thralldom of the Southern Pacific." The Salt Lake railroad has been "financed" by Senator Clark, but will be controlled and operated by Mr. Harriman. Nevertheless, the value of the road is by no means to be denied. The sooner, however, the people realize that railroad magnates are no longer engaged in cutting each other's throats, but have concentrated their efforts on bleeding the public, the sooner will they be in favor of the only practical solution of the transportation problem—government ownership.

Markham's Resignation.

The resignation of Charles H. Markham, general manager of the Pacific system of the Southern Pacific company, has caused general surprise and regret among railroad men. Mr. Markham, enjoying as he did, the implicit confidence of both Mr. Kruttschnitt and Mr. Stubbs, was thought to be securely and comfortably situated, and it is regarded as inexplicable why he should have resigned the important

position which he but lately attained. Markham had earned the reputation of not only being an exceedingly able railroad man, but of possessing a temperament that endeared him to all his colleagues. I presume the position offered him by the Texas oil company must have held out very superior inducements in the way of remuneration, although his salary from the Southern Pacific was certainly handsome. The appointment of his successor by President Harriman is awaited by railroad men and the public in general with much interest.

Identified.

D. W. Burkhalter, superintendent of the Bakersfield Division of the Southern Pacific railroad, relates the following experience in identifying a Kentuckian in New York.

Mr. Burkhalter was standing in line waiting to register at the desk of one of New York's favorite hotels. Directly in front of him was a man with a large black hat and a carpet-bag. When it came to the latter's turn to register the clerk said:

"Want a room, sir?"

"No, suh."

"What can we do for you, then, sir?"

"Show me the way to the bar, and send me a Henry Clay and a copy of the Courier-Journal."

No further evidence could be needed that the gentleman was "bred in old Kentucky."

Need a Censor.

General Manager Schindler or Howard Huntington should buy a rhetoric and correct the fearful English that is exploited in the signs of the Los Angeles Railway. At Superintendent Aiken's favorite church there is a sign which reads, "Cars Stop Here Only." That is a bad sign to put in front of a church, for it is not true in any particular. Then it is bastard English. In front of every car there is a placard which reads, "Do Not Talk With the Motorman." You can't talk with the motorman, Mr. Schindler; you can talk to him. You might converse with him, if he were so minded, and if spotters were not about to get him in trouble. You should get Sam Clover to censor your literary efforts, Mr. Schindler.

Infelix Zee.

Felix Zeehandelaar was not happy the other morning when I met him and asked him how the Fiesta fund was progressing. "The same old story," he replied. "As usual, the merchants are doing their share. But the property owners! Well, to 300 letters I sent out I have received five responses." Come, come, Mr. Property Owner, play fair! That \$15,000 must be raised and within two weeks' time. Every dollar you subscribe to the Fiesta fund will be well invested. The Fiesta is an incomparable advertisement, enhancing the value of your property and attracting probable purchasers. Is it a square deal to ask the merchants to do all your advertising for you? Out with your check-book and make Zee felicissimus!

For a New Normal School.

The Normal School Board has issued a statement to the public proposing the sale of the present property on the hill at Fifth and Grand avenue—which they believe would bring from \$125,000 to \$150,000—and the purchase of a new site on level ground in

the residence section and the construction of a new set of buildings. This is a pre-eminently wise move and one that will receive general encouragement from the thinking public. As the Board points out, the present site at the top of a hill, of a building three, and in some places four, stories in height, has already caused serious injury to the health of many young women and will in the future jeopardize the health of many more. Moreover the buildings are old and out of date and entirely unsuited to the uses of a Normal School. If the institution is to develop along the lines proposed by this Board in their communication to the public last spring, it must be properly housed and equipped. From what I hear through teachers and pupils, the new principal is achieving a distinct success and the outlook for a Normal School of high standard and ultimately of large attendance is very gratifying. The present Board is to be warmly congratulated on the wisdom of the change made.

"To what account shall we charge these new battleships?" asked the Russian treasury official. "The sinking fund," answered his superior, wearily.—*Washington Star*.

"Buzz" Graves Abroad.

Southern Californians in Canada continue to send home poetic descriptions of the autumn leaves and the clean streets of the Dominion, but one and all sigh for "one ray of good Los Angeles sunshine!" Such is the lamentation of J. A. Graves, vice-president of the Farmers and Merchants National Bank. In a letter from Toronto to his friend, Eugene Germain, "Buzz" Graves says: "The papers here this morning state that a reckless man left three rocking chairs out on his porch last night and that they had their legs frozen off them! I met a nurseryman who had bought from you some pepper tree seeds. He had fifteen sickly looking little plants under glass and labored under the delusion that they would bear green peppers! When they show us their stunted hot house vines, and we tell them they grow outdoors with us and cover houses, they look on us as California liars."

"I hear that your husband died intestate."

"Well, I don't know what his trouble was, but he had to have an operation."

Town Topics.

My New Studio

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City Water Is Pure.

Dr. J. H. Davisson, who speaks with authority, having for many years served on the city and state boards of health and in that capacity having made innumerable tests of Los Angeles city water, completely punctures the popular delusion that it is not safe to drink city water. On the contrary, he maintains that in ordinary cases, especially for growing children, it is far healthier to use the homely faucet than the demi-john of distilled water. He is satisfied that the use of distilled water is not only a needless expense, but a stupid hygienic mistake. His experience and analysis have convinced him that no germ disease has ever been traceable to the use of city water. This is distinctly reassuring, but in strange contrast to the counsel of nine-tenths of Dr. Davisson's brother-physicians, who constantly urge the use of distilled waters and forbid the use of city water, unless boiled.

Exchange and Mart.

Gen. C. F. A. Last, has a quantity of lace trimmed lingerie he wishes to dispose of at cut rates. The General attended the Knights' Templar convention in San Francisco a short time ago; when he started home he checked his trunk, and when he arrived at home, instead of the modest little steamer trunk that belongs to him, a big affair of three trays and a sub-basement was delivered at his house. He bothered the transfer company but could get no satisfaction. He opened the trunk and found instead of his plumed chapeau and gold laced coats, a lot of ribbon, boxes of face powder and scented cambric garments that were nowhere near his fit or anatomy. The General is a man of experience; he did not need a lay figure to instruct him as to the purpose of the raiment, or the sex of the owner. But he has no use for them. If the young lady who is short a trousseau will apply to the Royal Arch, the General will be glad to exchange a quantity of chiffon trimmed petticoats—and other garments for his expensive Knight Templar uniform. He might throw in a few cocktails as good measure.

Schneider & Fieber have just placed the order for the silverware and linen to be used at their new cafe, the Bristol, in the basement of the Herman W. Hellman building. The bill for these items alone amounts to about \$30,000, which gives another evidence of the magnificent scale on which the Cafe Bristol is to be conducted. From present appearances the cafe will be opened about December 1.

Ramish As Attorney.

Adolph Ramish and Martin C. Marsh, the contractors, ought to apply for admission to the bar. Acting as attorneys for themselves they recently routed Byron L. Oliver in a suit which he had entered against their firm. It seems that Ramish had engaged Frank Finlayson as his attorney, but Finlayson was unable to be on hand. Probably he was struggling with the Herald's circulation statement which was issued soon afterwards. "We'll go ahead anyhow," said Ramish, when he learned that Finlayson could not be found. Ram-

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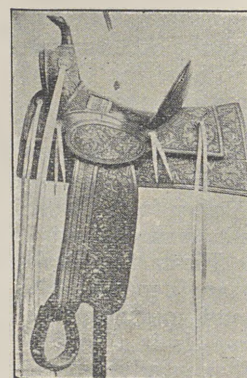
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ish carefully cross-examined all of Oliver's witnesses. When it was up to him to make his defense he put Marsh on the stand and put him through a course of questions; then Marsh put Ramish on the stand; then they argued their case, each man talking while the other suggested. Result: victory and a side remark from Judge Pierce that that pair was invincible.

The Japanese are firm believers in the efficacy of vaccination, and anti-vaccinationists in Japan have not yet developed into a position of any standing or notoriety. In Tokyo some years ago a memorial was erected to Sir William Jenner by public subscription, and it is highly probable that the originator of vaccination is held in far greater esteem in Japan than he is nowadays in this country.

Ellis Club's Concert.

The Ellis Club's first concert of its ninth season was a splendid success and I enjoyed it immensely. But it occurred to me that its able director, Mr. Poulin, has cultivated the quintessence of repression in that fine body of men singers. I had to listen to the rollicking "Stein Song" from the corridors, as I was late, but there was nothing rollicking about it. It was simply accurate and was so devoid of enthusiasm, that it was obvious the members of the club, in nursing their throats, had abstained from the stein so long that they had forgotten how to cry "Prosit." It might have been a delicate dittie about a nice French claret instead of a rousing apostrophe to Beer. Personally, I do prefer the deep diatason of reverberating manhood to the caponized treble of the Oriental. Here at least was one occasion when Mr. Poulin might have let that splendid vocal volume have its fling, "when good fellows get together." Otherwise, the Ellis Club's work was a

model of skilful singing and careful training. It is an organization of which Los Angeles and the Father of the club may well feel proud.

Stephens's Lectures.

Los Angeles culture missed a golden opportunity two years ago when it refused to incline its ear—sufficiently for practical purposes—to the scholarly lectures of Professor Henry Morse Stephens in the University Extension course. Professor Stephens is a historian of international renown, and a rarely interesting speaker. I am glad to know that Professor Stephens, while forced to give Los Angeles the go-by, is again coming to Southern California this winter. Next Thursday afternoon he will lecture at Pasadena on the "Period of Napoleon"; the same evening he will lecture at Ontario on "The French Revolution," and the following evening he will address the Long Beach Extension Society on the same subject. To any true student these lectures are invaluable, and will be well worth a trip either to Pasadena or Long Beach, or both.

Daring Death.

I notice that last week's race meeting of the Automobile Club of Southern California was not a success—i.e. the races did not attract the number of spectators anticipated. The novelty of automobile races has worn away, and unless some sensational speed is promised I do not think such meetings will ever again prove popular attractions. A small percentage of bloodthirsty people will go miles to see an automobile race on the chance of witnessing a bad spill, but the race without an accident is a very tame affair for the spectator. I imagine automobile racing is exciting enough sport for the occupants of the car, for there must always be a sufficiently imminent element of danger; furthermore, there is the exhilaration of the rush through the air and some "poetry of motion." But the poetry of motion that distinguishes a horse-race is absent for the spectator, because the automobile is inanimate. During the last race on Saturday afternoon, which was driven in clouds of dust, Frank Garbutt, who an hour previously had lowered the amateur record for a mile, implored the judges to stop it, crying out "For God's sake stop them. Someone will be killed in that dust. Those men shouldn't be allowed to race under such conditions." But the judges didn't stop them, and I am quite sure that if Frank Garbutt had been driving in that race himself, he would have been very indignant if they had interfered. This, after all, is the main attraction of automobile racing—the chance of getting killed.

Pulled Harry Wyatt's Arm.

Frank Daniels got an arm on Sunday night that non-plussed him for a moment. In the "Office Boy" you remember Frank takes the arm that indicates the way to the elevator and lets his employer shake its hand leaving it in his grasp. Harry Wyatt and Frank were standing in the Casino lobby, when a friend of Harry's came along and shook hands with him. Just at that moment Daniels said: "Well Harry, I must go, good night," and stuck out his hand; Harry put out his left hand which Daniels grasped, and with the shake the entire arm came off, with Daniels looking funnier than he ever did on the stage and Harry smiling. "So many people have been used to pulling my leg," said Harry to the

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bewildered Daniels, "that I have arranged a spring in my arm, and I let them pull that for a change. If you are quite through with the arm you can give it back, Frank." Daniels settled the score, in spite of the Sunday closing law.

"Did I see you kissing my daughter, sir?"

"I really don't know, sir. I was too much occupied at the time to notice."—*Life*.

Tempting Providence.

I regret to learn that the Examiner is to lose one of its bright young men in Louis T. Weadock, whose picturesque reporting and bright humor have made many of us smile although we did not know the writer's identity. Mr. Weadock is Harry Mestayer's chum and proposes to steer his star engagement in "Ghosts." This gruesome Ibenism is just the right thing to let loose a humorist upon, but if Weadock has to witness a succession of performances of "Ghosts" and Mestayer's admirably simulated hysteria nightly, I am fearful of the effect upon his funniness. The glamor of accepting a \$100 a week salary for a few weeks is of course alluring, but I imagine Weadock will be glad to get back to his \$40 a week newspaper grind after a brief experience on "the altar of friendship."

God's Own Schoolroom.

My remarks last week concerning the advantage of open air schooling in Southern California have brought me several interesting letters. Among them is one from Mrs. Mary S. Caswell, principal of the Marlborough School, who writes: "May I say that at any hour of the school day between the hours of half past eight and one you may see from five to forty girls on the porches and in the court, studying, or reciting, as the case may be? This has been our practice for over fifteen years." This accounts, no doubt, for the remarkably happy and healthy faces of the Marlborough girls. I knew that Mrs. Caswell was an ardent advocate of outdoor sports and that the young ladies under her care had achieved considerable prowess at basket ball, but I did not know that her appreciation of God's own schoolroom was so practical. It is another excellent recommendation for this admirable school.

Jennie was telling her parents of her first day's experiences in school.

"Were you interested in what your teacher told you?" asked her mother.

"Oh, yes," replied the young scholar; "teacher gave us such nice proverbs to learn."

"What were they? Can you remember any?"

Jennie thought a moment. "I'm afraid I can only remember one," she said, finally.

"And what was that?"

"Teacher says that God always provides the wind for the shorn lamb."—*Harper's Weekly*

An Interesting Family.

It is no exaggeration to say that Mrs. Clara Chapin, whose death was announced this week, had not an enemy in the world. Mrs. Chapin had won honor and fame as a missionary, and had spent most of her life in China. She also was the mother of one of the most interesting families in Los Angeles.

There were nine children, all born in China, and when they first came to America the youngsters suffered from the chaffing of their school fellows who could not accustom themselves to the little Chinese-Americans unable to speak English, who flocked by themselves and talked Chinese as if it were their native tongue. Most of the children are still living.

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Dwight Chapin has made a name for himself as one of the leading athletes of the country, and in a contest with Stanford students a season or two ago, he broke several records. He is a graduate of Occidental college, and is now taking a course in Princeton. Miss Abbie Chapin, who was in China at the time of the Boxer trouble, is the only American who ever received from the British government the decoration of the red cross, instituted by Queen Victoria for heroic work of women in caring for sick and wounded soldiers. Miss Chapin was in Pekin throughout the siege. Edward Chapin, who recently returned from China, is another well known member of the family, and two of the others have been deterred from forwarding the work begun by their parents in China, only on account of ill health. The father of the family twenty-one years ago founded in China a school which since has grown into a most influential institution.

Ebell Club's Prosperity.

With Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt at home again, writes my club correspondent, I look to see the Ebell club house fait accompli before many more months pass. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt reached Los Angeles this week, after an extended trip through the East, and I understand they will give their immediate attention to the building of the club house. Mr. Hunt has the plans in hand, and Mrs. Hunt is president of the Ebell Building Association. The structure, if erected on the site on South Hope street, which was selected by Mrs. Robert J. Burdette and then purchased by the club, will be well in the line of the city's advancement, and the property will continually increase in value. It will not be many years until both this and the Women's Club House, the home of the Friday Morning Club, will be down town, and those who prophesy accurately as to the trend of Los Angeles' growth, say that inside of five years the women will be seeking quarters further out. However this may be, there is no question that the present investment is a good one and the probability is if the club wishes to sell in a few years it will find a purchaser ready to take the property off its hands at a gratifying advance. By the way, there is no doubt the Ebell is coming to the front in many ways this year, and the charter day reception given Thursday at Cummock Hall, was an affair of unusual social importance in club life of Los Angeles. Mrs. Frank King, the president, is a gracious hostess as well as an efficient presiding officer and other women of the Ebell also know well how to render their social events particularly delightful.

The growth of the popularity of golf among women is a good thing. The game is one of the best of all medicines for troubled nerves. It is also conducive to the development of grace and elasticity of movement, clearness and brilliancy of complexion, brightness of eye, erectness of carriage and equality of temper. These are precious possessions for women, and as they are plentiful among American women, the fair golfers, who ought to be especially rich in them, must be blessed indeed and most desirable.—*New York Sun*.

Tactful Women.

If the Out-Door Section of the Civic League ever consummates half its plans, Los Angeles will be a cleaner, more wholesome place. Mrs. Willoughby Rodman is at the head of the section, and while Mrs. Rodman is a society woman, she has superfluous energy for quite a number of things besides the obligations of society. She has been president of

the Out-Door Art Association since its formation, and her tact is making it one of the most popular organizations in which women here interest themselves. Mrs. Rodman is a Southerner and counts the chivalry of men as one item in the category of "women's rights." Therefore when she started out to promote the work of the Civic League, by becoming president of one of its chief branches, she did so with the full confidence that the city officials would hear with courtesy and interest what she had to say for the improvement of the city's appearance. She was not mistaken. Every man in Los Angeles who has a municipal job or hopes to get one is anxious to please Mrs. Rodman, and would not wish her to know anything but the best of his efforts to serve the city faithfully and well. Last year much was accomplished through what Mrs. Rodman tactfully terms "co-operation with the officials." She has never in any way suggested that the women were trying to bring about a revolution of reform, and therein lies the secret of her success. Formal petitions have not been found necessary. Mrs. Rodman has said simply and confidentially to the official who could help: "Don't you think so?" and the official has in every case "thought so." Mrs. W. J. Washburn has also been very active in the work of the Association, and she too, is a charming, tactful woman who understands that to be a power behind a throne is sometimes more effective, and pleasanter, maybe, than to rule with the sceptre of a sovereign such subjects as are willing to serve only because they must. In addition to making Arbor day a living reality and causing everybody to assist for the very delight of so doing, these women—not only Mrs. Rodman and Mrs. Washburn, but dozens of others with them—have extensive plans. They are after the sign board nuisance, and they want clean streets. They will see that the parks are kept free of offensive "spooners," and they will not permit the small boy to kill birds for fun. The city is to be generally cleaned up, and the Art section will hold monthly meetings to hear reports of what is being accomplished.

Mrs. Barr's Peccadillo.

The minister's wife, who attended a circus, has plunged her spouse into no end of trouble. She is Mrs. Levy Barr, and the Rev. Barr is the pastor of the Friends church here. Since Ringlings' show was in Los Angeles, the reverend gentleman has been heard to chuckle audibly several times as he told of his wife's escapade, but he insists that he advised her not to go. His flock is looking gravely over the situation, but the lady in the case says the clown was splendid and the elephant was worth the price of a church squabble any day, so there now! And Mrs. Barr is a meek looking little woman too, who never before offended the deacons. Scandalous!

At the battle of Trafalgar a sailor whose leg was blown off begged a comrade to carry him below. The man hoisted his friend across his shoulders, and just as he was about to descend the gangway a cannon ball took off the head of the wounded man. Unaware of this his comrade carried him down and laid him on a table before the doctor. The doctor was furious. "How dare you play me such a practical joke?" he cried. "Can't you see that the man's head has been blown off?" Well, sir," the man replied, "he said it was his leg; but he always was a liar."

Scope and Purpose of Women's Clubs

IV.

by MRS. W. H. Housh, President of the Ruskin Art Club

The scope of women's clubs should be, I believe, "as broad as truth itself, as high as God." Whatever is for the betterment of humanity, for the uplifting of the human race should come within their province.

As every individual should be a specialist, and in order to know one thing well should have a general knowledge of many things, so I believe it should be with the club. Naturally, there will be some special work for which the club was organized and in order to do that work well, help should be received from every available source; so, too, I believe, should the club respond to every demand made in behalf of a good cause.

As the individual should be able to stand alone and yet in the great economy of forces, have his place in society, so should the club be strong and self-sustaining and yet a part of the great activities that go to make up a progressive community.

Mutual helpfulness and united effort in behalf of everything that might be for the betterment of conditions about us are incentives to strenuous endeavor.

The Ruskin Art is the oldest club in Los Angeles. It was the first to join the federated body.

While primarily a study club, it has exerted an influence in the way of culture and refinement that has been widely felt.

For the most part, its members have been true followers of him whose name the club bears. They have made helpfulness to others a loving duty and have been as responsive and reciprocal as the conditions would allow.

They have tried to inculcate a love of beauty, a love of perfection that must always ensure progression and refinement.

Many of the great civic and philanthropic movements of our city have been, or at the present time, are under the direction of its members.

They believe that "culture is the power which makes a man capable of appreciating the life around him and the power of making that life worth appreciating."

The world is coming more generally to feel that "The useful may be trusted to further itself, for many produce it and no one can do without it; but the beautiful must be specially encouraged, for few can present it, yet all have need of it."

They are beginning to realize that the beautiful and the useful may be one; that form is artistic if it is beautiful and expressive, not because of its cost. They are learning that beauty is a condition of mind, that art is the product of a human soul and not necessarily an object of material cost, and that it is better for all to produce some art than for the few to give to the world all the art.

They are coming more and more to listen to the voices of their own sub-conscious selves and to feel that this is the source of all true inspiration, and as they grow to believe in this great sub-conscious personality, so do they come to feel there is "something of divineness in all true work," so are they made to realize that "The weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to

him, and which worthily used will be a gift also to his race."

I believe that when we want beautiful things so much that we cannot do without them we shall find them in our city. I believe that there is something of the art-instinct in every human being just as there is an inherent love of doing right that makes so many of the beneficent among those who are apparently only money-getting individuals.

Strangers wonder that a city so progressive in almost every line of advancement should be without anything in the way of a museum or gallery of art.

It must be that we have not wanted these things quite so much as we have tried to make ourselves believe. Men and women have contributed to every other good cause. Might we not place before the rising generation a collection in the line of art that would help "the spiritual to grow up through the common?" Could we not unite to place in our city a beautiful library building and a permanent exhibit of art? Might we not become an important factor in the work of our local Art Commission? Would it not be possible to bring about an entire change in the social condition of things and save the boys and girls whose environment has so much to do with all the misery that follows?

The support of the club women has made it possible for the Juvenile Court Commission to do a grand and noble work.

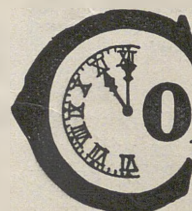
Are we not responsible to future generations as well as to our own?

What might we not accomplish for our city, for our state, if we could only realize our power and then care enough about these things to unite our forces for a great and common good?

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Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:

It's rather absurd of you to tell me that it has been "twice as hot with you, as it has with us in town." The place "twice as hot" as Los Angeles last week is not usually referred to in polite society. Never mind, the worst is over, and with a cool morning fog around us we can breathe again, and even begin to contemplate garments that might be borne a shade thicker than a cobweb. Indeed I have only just come home, after inspecting—and reveling in the sight—of some most charming furs.

At Blackstone's they have any quantity of neck and shoulder wraps of every description of fur, and at all prices. After all, nothing is more fetching on a woman than a becoming piece of good fur. For furs, like lace or diamonds, simply ought not to be worn, unless they are the very, very real Mackay. Nothing looks shoddier than an imitation sable or mink that never **can** lose its resemblance to the hirsute covering of the domestic cat. But, as I was going to tell you, in Blackstone's they have some creations in the realest of real sable, chinchilla, mink, otter, beaver—what you will. One or two evening wraps—for the capes are so deep that they really constitute a whole "comfort" for this climate anyway—were of white fox, with long stole-like fronts reaching to the knees and inside collars of ermine. Imagine a tall, pretty blonde buried in these long furs and—! Some of the day-time collarettes are very chic and up-to-date, forming, if it so please the wearer, a flat stock tight 'round the neck and up beneath the chin. The lovely ermines with their many tails and feet and heads and claws form a most splendid show, and very soon, now we are really in the winter months—if not weather—we will be meeting them on all sorts and conditions of femininity in the afternoon street parade.

Speaking of winter suggests Christmas, and Christmas spells "presents." So now I will help you a bit by telling you about the lovely exhibition of art, that is to be found on the fourth floor of the Boston Store. When I say "art" I mean it, as there is nothing on view there, down to the tiniest French doll, that is not worthy of the name. Big glass cases, ranged through the pretty rooms, hold articles of rare value, Ormolu, Dresden and gold and jewelled timepieces; jewel boxes and bijouterie of every dainty kind. Big cosy pillows and cushions; vases of priceless ware. Some lovely Satsuma bits and an antique Japanese incense burner that to a collector would be a precious prize. Some fine statuary and quantities of pretty paintings, etchings and water colors, at most moderate prices and invaluable as the necessary "small" presents to swell the endless Christmas list. The exhibition of cut glass and crystal is worthy of a visit alone. There you see a veritable "glass house," sparkling with lights and diamond-like ware, into which it were wiser

not to throw the historical stone! The toy department is delicious. Nothing but the choicest of its kind does my lady Dollie allow in her menage. Some of the toilettes of these "little people" would fill with envy many a real flesh and blood grown-up. But before I leave this tempting place I must tell you about just one thing that delighted me. A big dark wooden bench, suitable for a hall or den, made of Swiss wood and imported direct from the artists in that mountain country. Three Bears, the same "three" that wandered through our childhood's history—hold up this big bench. "Big Bear" in the middle, into whose outstretched arms, for lack of better, you can comfortably lean, and "middle-sized" bear and "tiny bear" at either end. With beautifully carved, life-like figures and most expressive and cunning little eyes, this seat, or bench, forms one of the most desirable pieces of artistic furnishing I have ever seen. This is becoming too long a rigmarole for even your patience, my dear, but I must not close without trying to give you some idea of where to find the most fascinating, the very latest, silks.

At Coulter's, they are making a specialty of importing these wonderfully dainty changeable chameleon silks, only one dress length in each, and each the one you feel you must possess. These are known as "chiffon" taffeta, and are softer than a baby's skin. But I was told that the very latest thing now in the East and abroad at this season is the chiffon velour, a sort of "cross" between silk velvet and the finest plush. Coulter has one in leather colored golden tint that would make a magnificent gown. A gray "chimpan crepe" silk, double width, and only two dollars a yard, is still lingering in my memory as one of the Frenchiest soft things I have ever seen. Peon velvets in all shades are going to be very much worn this winter, and make wonderfully smart costumes, especially when worn with dark furs. Well, you may as well hear of these lovely things, my child, even if you can't purchase them. "Rejoice in the joy of the joyful one who enjoys them," and be good and you'll be happy.

Yours Continually,

LUCILLE.

Figueroa St., October twenty-fifth.

Skirt Sale



Latest Fall Styles at little above half—it's a maker's clean-up of samples shown in his salesrooms and by his travellers.

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Over The Teacups

If I mistake not the prevalent social apathy will be merged presently into a season of brilliant activity. Family gatherings of Thanksgiving well over, matters that concern the social relations of friends and calling list acquaintances will be taken into consideration. Of course the church fair—which follows a little too closely on the heels of the Barlow fete for some of us—will come in for a lion's share of attention from the fashionable dame, for there are two things her conscience will not permit her to neglect. These are the fair and the keeping (?) of lent. Even now the women of the Christ Episcopal church are deep in plans for an event which is to be given for the benefit of the organ fund, and when Christ church women undertake anything, it is done with fervor. This time the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. John Mitchell has been offered for the occasion, and there is to be an old fashioned English country fair, with a town crier, a May pole and the rest of it. I hear the affair is to be a social event of more than ordinary interest, probably surpassing in the extent of its unique arrangements even the "Trip Around the World," that was given by these same women a few seasons ago. By the by, that trip will be remembered long by many who took it. I recall that when everything was in readiness for the start, and the stations, which included the homes of Mesdames R. H. Herron, Telfair Creighton and others, had been prepared for reception of the travelers, Southern California climate had ready one of its surprises, and the rain began to come down in gentle sheets that dampened at once the women's gowns and their ardor. Some money—indeed, quite a good deal, was realized, I believe, and it was spent for rugs to adorn the old Christ church which stood at the corner of Pico and Flower streets. Then came the fire which demolished the building, and again water interfered with the business of the Christ church women, for while the flames spared the rugs, the firemen deluged them, and Mrs. Herron, with other mourners, poked in the charred and sloppy debris the next morning, only to find their precious rugs ruined beyond redemption.

I am told that one of the surprises that Mrs. Mitchell has up her sleeve is the reappearance of that charming actress, Lillian Burkhart, now Mrs. George Goldsmith, and very much wrapped up in a beautiful baby-boy. Mrs. Goldsmith has consented "for sweet charity's sake" to appear in a little play written by a California girl. The performance is to be given in the open air and the stage, I understand, will consist of an old fashioned stage-coach.

It has been frequently said that Los Angeles women are indifferent whist players, and I hear from time to time that the allegation has been resented. But from henceforth and forever, there should be no room for such criticism, for local society women are making a business, actually a business, of learning to play bridge-whist after the most correct style. "We have learned music and dancing," said a fair dame to me the other day, "and why not learn whist?" Somebody else seconded the question, and the next thing anybody knew,

there was a club in Los Angeles for studying the game. I am not authorized to state that there has been any secrecy about the organization or its purpose, and yet it is a fact that up to the present time little has been said concerning it. I have it on good authority that more than one woman who is learning in the Shelby club the value of her long and her strong suits, would just as leave her social friends were not aware that she is taking weekly lessons in whist playing. With the understanding that you are not to repeat it, I will say that Mrs. George Easton is the president, while Mrs. Fred Walton is vice and Mrs. A. H. Heber secretary. These women are not among the timid ones. They believe if one is to play whist she should do it well, and they are willing to learn away from social gatherings. So enthusiastic did the club become a short while ago, that a professional whist player from San Francisco was engaged to give instructions. The club meets every Tuesday afternoon at the Women's club house, and there are, I learn, about forty members.

After the fair debutante has tasted the sweets of a season or two in society, and is still heart whole, or at least yet a maid, the real bent of her nature begins to assert itself, and I have found it a wee bit interesting to follow the inclinations of various girls who a few years ago apparently had no thought beyond the gay whirl that meant pretty gowns, compliments, and entertaining or being entertained. This train of thought has been suggested by a combination of incidents, one of which is the rather frequent attendance of Miss Lou Winder, the daughter of Judge Winder, upon the meetings of the Friday Morning club. Miss Winder was one of the sweetest buds of a few seasons ago, and she is still charming, for the matter of that. Pretty, wholesome looking, and likable, Miss Winder is a favorite socially, but since a number of the girls from her set are married, and the fascination of social diversion has become an old story, she has been turning her attention to more pretentious matters—matters which appeal to the intellect, and give one something to think about beyond the current gossip of one's friends and enemies. At one time Miss Winder interested herself in the "Echo Club," a musical organization, formed for the encouragement of amateur musicians who showed especial talent. But the Echo club is a thing of history now, even its membership having long since been depleted by the conquests of Cupid.

Lou Winder belonged to the set in which the Fairchild girls and the Wellborns were prominent a few years ago. Dorothy Wellborn became Mrs. Roland Bishop, and her sister, Lillian married Burton Green. Helen Fairchild became the bride of Nat Myrick, and then, Lila Fairchild, who is one of those having ambitions aside from her social life, took up voice culture, went to Italy with a party directed by Madame Genevra Johnston-Bishop, and came back, her really excellent voice much improved by the training it had received. Now, as has been announced, Miss Fairchild will wed John Mott, who is one of the holdovers, if I may so designate him, of the same set to which the young women above mentioned belonged.

As to suggestions made by faces that appear from time to time at the Friday Morning club meetings,

one is offered by that of Miss Evelyn Hamburger, who is a regular attendant. Miss Hamburger, I notice, is devoting less and less of her time to social matters, and more to literary and musical pursuits. She is a careful student, and is perfecting herself in French, her occasional visits to Paris being of great benefit to her in this ambition. The dainty daughters of ex-Postmaster Groff are seen now and then at the Friday Morning club, but it is not often. Frances, the eldest, is too deep in her literary pursuits to give much thought either to club or social life.

Mrs. B. Diamond and Miss Diamond have returned to San Francisco. They came down for the automobile races, and one of Mrs. Diamond's handsome autos has been an object of admiration during her stay. While in Los Angeles Mrs. Diamond and her daughter were guests at the Angelus.

I see that May Gilmore, who is to become a bride next month, is being entertained in royal style by her friends. Among other affairs given for her recently was a card party and china shower at which Mrs. Frederick B. Braden of 608 South Burlington avenue was the hostess, and this is only one of the many events planned for the popular girl. May Hitchcock, who is to marry Dr. Dudley Fulton soon, is another prospective bride who has come in for special attention the past fortnight. She was guest of honor a few days ago at a theater party given by Mrs. J. W. A. Off, at the Mason, and afterwards the little company was entertained with supper at Christopher's Broadway place. By the way, that reminds me that I have noticed an unusually large number of fashionable parties at Christopher's this week.

And that brings me to the consideration of the Jeffries-Hubbell wedding, which is to take place next month. I see that the invitations are out, and the date has been set for November 10. There is to be an elaborate wedding at Immanuel Presbyterian church and a reception and dance afterwards at Kramer's. Judge and Mrs. Hubbell will spare no effort to make the marriage of their charming daughter a brilliant social event, and society is duly interested. The Misses Jane and Ethel Crellin are coming down from Oakland to assist as bridesmaids, and other attendants of the bride will be Miss Mary Hubbell and Miss Annis Van Nuys. General Robert Wankowski and E. H. Hoyt will stand with the groom, and those who have been named as ushers are W. H. Harrison, L. V. Youngworth, Richard Jeffries and A. J. Copp, Jr.

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Where Are They?

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Garnsay are in St. Louis.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Monroe have returned from the East.
Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Whiting have returned from Boston.
William G. Nevin and Robert N. Flint have returned from the East.

Mrs. Fred Selwyn Lang of 640 Bixel street has returned from the east.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Borden left last week for the World's Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Cohn have returned from their European travels.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Reid McNab have taken apartments at the Hinman.

Mrs. J. Ross Clark and Miss Ella Clark have returned from San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. McKee have returned to Monrovia from New York.

Mrs. Margaret A. Bennett and daughter have moved to 622 S. Alvarado st.

Dr. D. S. McCarthy has returned from Honolulu and is residing at the Westmore.

Mrs. J. W. Campbell is the guest of ex-Governor and Mrs. Beveridge in Hollywood.

Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Edwards of 235 S. Olive street have returned from the east.

Mrs. William T. Edgar of W. Washington street has returned from the east.

Mrs. James H. Rollins has gone to St. Louis to join Mrs. Hamilton Bowman Rollins.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. McFarland have returned from a trip in Canada and the East.

Mr. and Mrs. C. White Mortimer have returned after spending the summer in England.

Miss Mabel Dolsen of 527 Ida street has returned from a visit to St. Louis and Canada.

Mrs. W. A. Barker of 1689 W. Adams street reached home this week from an eastern visit.

Mrs. J. T. Edwards and daughter of 1236 Arapahoe street are in the north for the winter.

Miss Myrtle Decker of 731 Carondelet street left last week to join Miss Ellen Beach Yaw in Paris.

Mrs. H. J. Whitley and Miss Grace Whitley returned this week from a five months' visit in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pinkham are the guests of the Mr. and Mrs. William Bayly, in Salt Lake City.

Mrs. R. J. Dvas and Miss Dimole Dvas of 1132 W. Twenty-eighth street left this week for St. Louis.

Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, Miss Annis Van Nuys and Benton Van Nuys returned last week from the east.

Mrs. J. C. Roth, Miss Bertha Roth and Dr. Nadeau are in New Orleans on their way home from Europe.

Miss Tillie McCauley of Chicago is the guest for the winter of her sister, Mrs. J. H. Phillips, of 1613 Oak street.

Mrs. Eleanor T. Brown and Adelaide Brown of 2526 Portland avenue leave next week to spend the winter in San Francisco.

Mrs. E. M. Neustadt has returned from San Francisco, whither she went to attend the wedding of her daughter, Edith, to Luther H. Green.

Mrs. A. J. Carper and Miss Alberta Carper of Elkhart, Ind., are the guests for the winter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Mattern of 2620 Budlong avenue.

Miss Alice Mary Smith of Fredonia, N. Y., and Miss Marie Lane of Glenwood, Iowa, are the guests of Mrs. E. P. Bosbyshell, 1221 Ingraham street.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Hutchison of 1132 S. Figueroa street and Mrs. Augustus C. Chauvin are among the visitors this week to the St. Louis Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murphy of 2878 Orchard avenue are in St. Louis and will visit New York and Boston before returning home. They expect to be absent till the second week in December.

Mrs. Richard Dillon, Miss Dillon and Miss Nannie Dillon, accompanied by Dr. Edward Dillon, of 815 S. Hope street, left last week for an eastern trip, including New York and the St. Louis Exposition.

Miss Virginia Johnson leaves next week for New York, and in company with Mrs. Dwight M. Welsh will sail for Italy, where she will join her sisters, Misses Phela and Ray Johnson, who have been traveling in Europe with Mrs. I. B. Graham.

Receptions, Etc.

- October 20—Mrs. W. H. Eley, 1424 W. Thirty-eighth street. Wedding anniversary.
- October 20—Wade Hampton Chapter, United Daughters of Confederacy.
- October 20—Mrs. Robert Burns, 2642 Vermont avenue, Luncheon for Friday Morning Club delegates.
- October 21—Mrs. Marcus Scott, 1507 Georgia street. For Theta Delta Whist Club.
- October 22—Mrs. George Humphrey, 1250 E. Twentieth street. Children's party.
- October 22—Miss Zella Fay, 1298 Orange street.
- October 22—Miss Ethel Shrader, 1104 W. Thirty-seventh street. Box party at Casino.
- October 22—Miss Carmelita Troconiz of 1112 South Grand avenue, for Miss Zaidee Hartwell.
- October 22—Mrs. J. W. A. Off. Matinee party at the Mason for Miss May Hitchcock.
- October 23—Mrs. Mary J. Field, Pasadena. Farewell tea.
- October 23—Mrs. Seymour Locke, Pasadena. Tea.
- October 24—Philothea Club. Theater party at Belasco's.
- October 24—Mrs. W. S. Derby, 1145 Ingraham street. For Pine Forest Whist Club.
- October 24—The Rev. and Mrs. Dana Bartlett, 510 Vignes street. For Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Millspaugh.
- October 24—Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Reid McNab. Box party at Orpheum.
- October 24—Mrs. G. G. Mullins and Miss Mary Mullins, 3118 S. Grand avenue. For Monday Musical Club.
- October 24—Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hiles and Mr. and Mrs. George Williams, 701 W. Thirtieth street. Christening.
- October 25—Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Eisen, 2626 S. Figueroa street. Dinner.
- October 25—Mrs. C. C. Rutherford, 808 Whittier street. For Butterfly Whist Club.
- October 25—Mrs. Frederick B. Braden, 908 S. Burlington avenue. Card party for Miss May Gilmore.
- October 25—Charles E. Kelso. Dance at Kramer's.
- October 25—Mrs. Moya Stephens and Mrs. John W. Hendrick, at 219 North Soto street.
- October 25—Mrs. Jefferson Chandler, 1123 West Twenty-eighth street. Luncheon for Miss Edwinna Hammond.
- October 26—Mrs. F. R. Boag, 920 W. Eleventh street. For Harmony Whist Club.
- October 26—Mr. and Mrs. W. Cobb, 1132 Ingraham street.
- October 26—Mrs. William Calderwood and Mrs. Elmer Barber. For Miss Ethel Osborn.
- October 27—Pandora Club. Dance at Lindley hall.
- October 27—Mrs. Lewis C. Carlisle, 1202 Alvarado street. For Thursday Night Whist Club.
- October 27—Brownsberger School. Reception.
- October 27—Mrs. Alfred Leonard, S. Union avenue. For An Sort Euchre Club.
- October 28—Leonidas Club. Hallow'een party at Kramer's.
- October 28—Girls' Collegiate School. Reception and dance.
- October 28—Dr. and Mrs. John Harvey Davisson: silver wedding reception, Cumnock hall, 8-12 p. m.
- October 28—Mrs. D. W. Strong, 721 Bonnie Brae street. Reception.
- October 28—Miss Sally McFarland and Master James Friesner. Hallow'een party.
- October 28—Mrs. Lynn Helm and Mrs. Scott Helm, 2653 Ellendale Place. Card party.
- October 29—Miss Daphne Drake, 2715 Hoover street. Hallow'een party.
- October 29—Miss Clara Smith, 819 W. Adams street. Hallow'een party.

Anastasia's Date Book

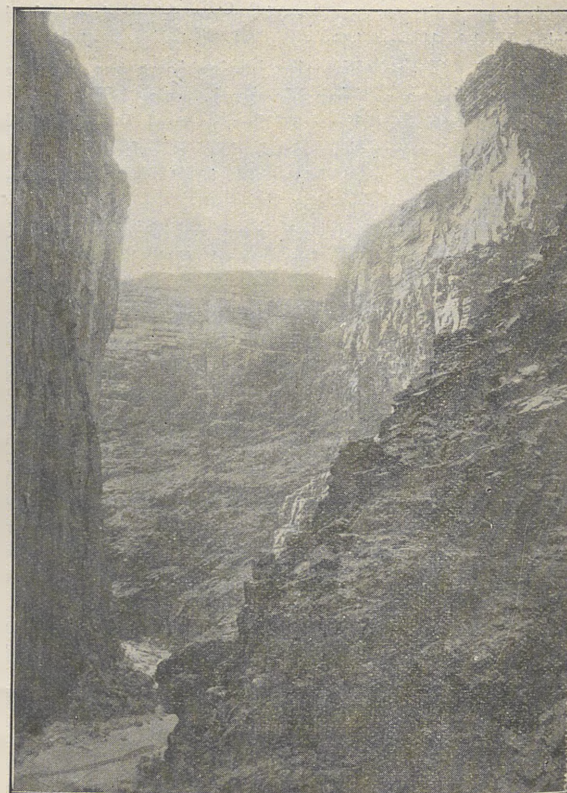
- November 2—Mrs. Norman Abrahams of Pasadena. For Aloha Whist Club.
- November 3—South Gate Lodge, Eastern Star; dance at Kramer's.
- November 4—California Badger Club; concert at Chickering Hall.
- November 9—Los Angeles Hive, No. 1, L. O. T. M.; dance at Burbank Hall.
- November 12—Mrs. E. G. Howard of 1605 Santee street; card party for Mrs. Lewis C. Carlisle.
- November 12—English County Fair at Lomita, residence of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mitchell.
- November 23—Knights of Columbus; reception and dance at Kramer's.
- November 29—B'nai B'rith Lodge; dance at Kramer's.

Engagements.

- Elmer R. Farnsworth to Miss Leon G. Haynes.
- Ira A. Campbell of Seattle to Miss Zella Fay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Fay of 1298 Orange street.

Approaching Weddings

- November 2—Dr. Dudley Fulton of South Bend, Ind., to Miss May Hitchcock, at 2700 South Grand avenue.
- November—Dr. Virgil McCombs to Miss Eva Fowble, at 943 West Thirty-second street.
- November 9—A. Raymond Risley of Phoenix, Ariz., to Miss Elsie E. Holliday.
- November 10—W. P. Jeffries to Miss Lora Hubbell in the Immanuel Presbyterian church.
- November 16—Angus Graham Jr. to Miss May Ridelle, at 1525 West Twenty-ninth street.
- November 17—Arthur Van Norden to Miss Zaidee G. Hartwell, in the Immanuel Presbyterian church.
- November 22—Howard Squires to Miss May Gilmore, daughter of Mr and Mrs. E. W. Gilmore of Grand View.
- November 24—John D. Purcell to Miss Ouida Alford of 236 W. Sixteenth st.
- November 30—Frank Hartley Small to Miss Marie Malvena McCauley at 926 Westlake avenue.



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On the Stage and Off



Josephine DelWitt

My prediction last week that there would shortly be "something doing" at the Belasco was promptly realized. Los Angeles has strained several points in its desire to be kind to Miss Block and Martin Alsop, but their comparison with the leading people of the other stock company "a block below" was as inevitable as it was invidious. The Belasco people have made a rattling good investment in Amelia Gardner, who has thoroughly impressed her art and her personal charm upon Los Angeles theater-goers. Joseph Galbraith, a young leading man, who has attained considerable success with Keith's stock company in Philadelphia, is to supplant Martin Alsop. Another very important addition to the company will be Marie Howe, who by her excellent character work has been a prime favorite with Alcazar audiences in San Francisco for the last six years.

The urbane Col. Price dismisses with a lofty wave of the hand the fact that there is a theatrical war on between Belasco and Morosco, and insists that the best of feeling exists between the Belasco and the Burbank. If this be so, it is strange that Oliver Morosco has never crossed the threshold of the Belasco theatre and that Belasco has succeeded in

practically breaking up the Oliver Morosco company by offering its most important members superior inducements. As a matter of fact, pace Col. Price, it is war to the knife, and as I said before, I hope the public will continue to benefit by the keenness of the competition.

When first-class "musical comedy" is on the wane, second-class entertainment of that ilk cannot be expected to succeed. "The Tenderfoot" may have been a very humorous and even brilliant concoction in Chicago, but as given this week at the Mason it is a dreary affair. The whole production, save only Phil Ryley, who is a droll comedian, is unmistakably second-rate. Some of the local critics thought the chorus was "good." They must have been referring to their morals, for their singing was appalling—perpetually errant from the key. A few more "Tenderfeet" will effectually squelch the musical comedy rage.

White Whittlesey is an interesting young actor who has made considerable reputation in San Francisco. He is somewhat handicapped by his press agent, Arthur Lotto of unsavory Casino memory. Lotto nowadays appears to find the daily press "easy," for I notice they informed an incredulous public that Mr. Whittlesey's dressing room on his opening night at the Burbank was inundated with a shoal of cablegrams and telegrams from Sir Henry Irving, et al, congratulating "the young star" on appearing before a Los Angeles audience. Dear me! Mr. Whittlesey has an interesting personality and distinct talent. "Heartsease" is a well worn but still attractive play. Eugenie Thais Lawton is still theatric.

Tom Oberle's Lige Munroe in "We'Uns of Tennessee" at the Belasco this week is well worth seeing; it is a masterpiece in make-up and the uncouth character is cleverly delineated. George Barnum makes the most of the grotesque Scank Cervais and Oza Waldrop has an opportunity in trousers, which she fills admirably.

A trio of young Italians in native song form a very interesting feature of this week's Orpheum bill. Avery Strakosch "gets next" to all parts of the house by singing "Annie Laurie." Julius Tannen's impersonations of well known actors has improved since his last visit. J. A. Murphy and Eloise Willard appear in a whirlwind sketch of ragtime humor, which hits the house where it laughs.

Mrs. Brown Potter's re-entry into the legitimate drama in London has apparently been a complete failure. Her vehicle was a three-act play, "The Golden Light," by Mme. Raoul Duval, Mrs. Potter's sister. The Tatler says: "There was something exceedingly pathetic about the failure of Mrs. Brown Potter's play at the Savoy Theatre; the dresses were so beautiful, the staging was so excellent—only the words and acting were non-effective. It seemed such a pity that so much money should be wasted, that so much energy should come to naught. Certainly there is another side to it all. I am rather surprised that Mrs. Brown Potter's play did not have a good run by virtue of its topsy-turvy effects. I should have thought, for example, that people would have come to see the costumes, which were

indeed superb." The occasion of the production of "The Golden Light" marked Mrs. Brown Potter's first experience of management on her own account, and the "season" was represented by three performances.

Rose Coghlan has been persuaded to write her personal reminiscences of the stage, and those who are familiar with the conspicuous part she has played in the history of the American drama, will esteem her contribution quite as interesting and important as that of Clara Morris, her contemporary. Already she has commenced her memoirs, and is engaged now upon the period of her career when she was the leading woman in Lester Wallack's company, at Wallack's Theater, which is one of the few that today survive those of early New York. She has devoted considerable space to Lester Wallack himself, and her recollections of this noted, but eccentric, actor are exceptionally interesting. She gives several chapters to Harry Montague, the dashing juvenile actor, who was the matinee idol of the girls of the period. Miss Coghlan touches upon the career of her illustrious brother, Charles Coghlan, and also brings into vivid recollection other distinguished, but now almost forgotten favorites of those days. Miss Coghlan modestly confesses her belief that, like her brother, she possesses the elements of authorship, and promises some day to bring into existence the play themes which she has treasured in her mind.

The "show girl" is passing. Taught by Chicago, to which it returns fervent thanks for the lesson, New York is passing up the supercilious walking lady of the chorus for the "broiler," who is not eternally looking over the lights for a supper and an auto ride, but who dances till her back hair tumbles down, and laughs at the mishap. The "broilers" wear fewer clothes, less costly, too, and are much more attractive.

G. Bernard Shaw, the witty Irishman who writes plays for his own amusement and then permits long-haired players to produce them occasionally, has evidently as large a bump of egotism as he has of humor. The other day Arnold Daly brought out in New York one of Shaw's latest satires with a certain measure of success. Congratulations upon this termination of the experiment were cabled to the author in London. Shortly afterward an answer was received, which read as follows: "What was the use of cabling? I wrote it to be a success."

Schumann-Heink's excursion into comic opera saddened the hearts of her admirers who believe she is the greatest living singer. The New York critics have universally deprecated her performance in "Love's Lottery." As a sample I append the Globe's very frank opinion:

Schumann-Heink acted several humorous characters in her day at the Metropolitan—Magdalene, in "Die Meistersinger," and Mistress Quickley, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," for example, but it wasn't these that came back to you when she was singing for the first time in comic opera on Monday. Somehow it was Fricka in the "Ring" music-dramas. Wagner, indeed, shows the goddess only in austere or hectoring moods. But in the long

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Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

LEWIS McCORD & CO. in "HER LAST REHEARSAL"
TECHOW'S CATS. JOSIE DE WITT, 'Fiddle & I'
SINON AND PARIS, "The Droll Greeks"

"A NIGHT IN VENICE."

JULIUS M. TANNEN,

MURPHY and WILLARD,

And the last week of the big hit "HICKEY AND NELSON"
in "TWINED AND TANGLED."

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days and long nights of Valhalla, Fricka must have been merry sometimes.

Then, if ever she tried to coax Wotan back, instead of threatening him, she would have made imperious love in the big way in which Schumann-Heink did to her sergeant in "Love's Lottery." Or, if ever Fricka fixed with her eye the tricky fire god, Loge, she must have done it much as Schumann-Heink's glance terrorized the little Irish postilion. And if they sang comic songs in Valhalla, Fricka would boom out "Marmadock" much as Schumann-Heink did in the comic quintet in "Love's Lottery." But transform Fricka into a German laundress in an English village A. D. 1818! No wonder she knocked everybody and everything else all askew. Much of the time you could not help smiling, but to more than one old frequenter of the Metropolitan there was something pathetic in it all.

This is the story of Sardou's latest drama, "The Sorceress":

Zoraya is a beautiful Moorish girl who is living in Toledo, in the period when her people had been ousted from their control of the country and were under the iron heel of the Spaniards. Like many of her race, she practices hypnotism and in consequence is credited by the lower classes with being a sorceress. Don Enrique, a Spanish officer, falls in love with her, but the fact is kept secret, as he has been betrothed since childhood to the daughter of the Governor of Toledo. The marriage of the young aristocrat and the officer is approaching when Zoraya manages to throw the bride-to-be into a trance, disguises herself and, taking the place of the bride, is wedded to Don Enrique. They realize what danger they are in and fly from the wrath that is sure to come when the identity of the bride is made known. But they are captured and Zoraya is dragged before the Inquisition.

To save Don Enrique's life—who is in peril of death for having married a Moor, contrary to the law of Spain—she falsely declares that she is a sorceress and bewitched her lover into marrying her. So well does she do this that Don Enrique believes her, and turns upon, abuses and denounces her. She is to be executed when the Governor pleads with her to release his daughter from the trance in which she is lying. She agrees to do so in return for her own life, and performs the seeming miracle before the awe-stricken crowd of onlookers.

She is allowed to depart, but the populace follows her, determined to kill her, when she flies to the cathedral as a sanctuary where she will be safe. The doors happen to be locked, and she ineffectually beats upon them for admission. Don Enrique arrives as she is about to be torn to pieces by the mob, and, his love returning, he rushes to her defense with his sword. The crowd is closing in on them, when they kill themselves.

What do actors do in their dressing rooms between scenes and acts? No doubt there is much chatting, reading and loafing, but many give meritorious employment to their time in spite of the example of Edwin Booth, "who sat and smoked." Booth's dresser was as careful to provide a clean plate and a box of cigars for the dressing room table every night as to lay out costumes and grease paints. When he was called for a scene, Booth would lay his cigar on the rim of the plate. It is

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with the veteran comedian, Billy Marble, and the best cast ever in the play. The greatest Russian play yet written. Intense situations. Startling effects.

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said that when he had finished a performance of "Hamlet" he had lined the edge of the plate with cigar stumps. It is believed that in the seclusion of his dressing-room Richard Mansfield has for several years been at work on a volume of essays promised to a venerable firm of publishers. Ezra Kendall writes joke books between the acts. Tim Murphy derives a handsome income from his versification and his clever sketches for advertisers. Fay Templeton composes her own songs. Adelaide Thurston pursues her hobby, which is language study. Viola Allen always has a piece of lacework in the dressing-room with her. Julia Marlowe makes a reception-room of the stage and thus doubles work and society.

The students of the Dramatic department of the Dobinson School are hard at work rehearsing the comedy "Everybody's Friend," to be performed in the auditorium at the school November 11, under the direction of Mr. George A. Dobinson. The cast for "Everybody's Friend," will be filled by Fred W. Gollum, Edward Thompson, Charles A. Spalding, Will Mason, Claudine Ham, Gertrude Symonds, Gertrude Small and Elizabeth McGregor.

Trusty Tips to Theatre Goers.

Mason. Hoyt's "Texas Steer" pays us his annual visit next week commencing a three-nights' engagement next Monday evening. This admirable play bears many repetitions and a theater-goer's elementary education is incomplete unless he is familiar with Maverick Brander.

Thursday evening and the rest of the week we are to have Bernard Shaw's excellent comedy, "Candida." No particulars have reached me concerning the company and Arnold Daly of course is now in New York. But "Candida" in book-form is delightful and its stage presentation should prove most interesting.

Morosco's Burbank. White Whittlesey, who has been making a distinct hit in "Heartsease" this week will appear Sunday in John Drew's success "Second in Command."

Belasco's. Col. E. D. Price, who originally produced Clyde Fitch's comedy "Lovers' Lane," has been busy this week rehearsing the company for next week's performance. The play is to be produced on a still more elaborate scale than Belasco's

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previous offerings, "and some of these"—runs veraciously Manager Blackwood's smooth typewriter—"have nearly reached the apex of stage ingenuity, from the artist's point of view." The apex next week, please Mr. Blackwood.

Hazard's Pavilion. The new lessee of the Pavilion, the Rev. "Bob" Burdette, will surely heartily endorse "Everyman." It is an absolutely unique dramatic production and is certain to arouse interest among all thoughtful and cultivated people. Ben Greet is a profound scholar as well as a delightful actor. He has surrounded himself with artistic and talented people and the first performance of this great five hundred year old morality play next Monday evening should attract a large audience. "Everyman" will be given each evening next week.

Orpheum. Next week's features will be: Lewis McCord and company in "Her Last Rehearsal," a clever sketch with some good legitimate acting; Techow's cats; Josie DeWitt, "Fiddle and I," violin and vocal selections; Simon and Paris, "The Droll Greeks of the Olden Time," comedy act; and the holdovers, Hickey and Nelson in "Twisted and Tangled," "A Night in Venice," Julius M. Tannen, impersonator; Murphy and Willard, "Conversational oddities."

Grand Opera House. Commencing Sunday, "For Her Sake." An imaginative man assures us that "the stage will swarm with Russian military men, ladies of title, and all the myriads or people that enter into the cast of a Russian-Siberian play!" Likewise, love, intrigue, treachery and "original comedy effects" all "For Her Sake" and yours. Verbum sap.

Casino. Richard Harlow's second week will be devoted to "Evangeline." He-She-It will be supported by Lottie Kendall, Bernice Holmes, Carrick Major and other Casino favorites in congenial roles.

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New York critics are enthusiastic over Mrs. Patrick Campbell's work in "The Sorceress."

Otis Skinner has made a hit in New York in Richepin's play, "Le Chemineau," called "The Harvester."

Richard Mansfield opens his season at the Star Theater in Buffalo next week with "Ivan the Terrible"

Orrin Johnson is to be Bertha Galland's leading man this season in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

The French company opened in New York in "Le Bossu," the original of our old friend "The Duke's Motto."

Charles Warner is to create in America the part in "The Chevalier" that Arthur Bouchier played in London.

The New York theatrical managers have risked five hundred thousand dollars on this season's forty new productions.

H. S. Northrup has been engaged by Henry Savage to support Richard Golden in his production of "Common Sense Brackett."

Eleanor Robson's excellent work in Zangwill's "Merely Mary Ann," has made her the most talked-of actress in London at present.

James K. Hackett will produce "The Crossing" in Washington on November 21st, and the following week will start a season in New York.

Harry Corson Clarke is the principal comedian in "Mr. Wix of Wickham," a musical comedy which is being played at the Bijou in New York.

The Melbourne MacDowell Company closed last week in Seattle. Business had not been good at any time since the opening in Portland.

Mrs. John Schoeffel (Agnes Booth) has been obliged to enter a hospital because of a serious injury to one eye. She is reported as doing well.

Alice Nielsen will be the principal prima donna of the Italian grand opera company which will begin a season at Covent Garden, London, next month.

Bernard Shaw's latest play will be called "John Bull's Other Island," and will attempt to give the stage the real Irishman. It is to be produced at the Court Theater, London, in November.

Isadore Rush will be the star of the cast to appear here in Fisher and Ryley's production of the comedy, "Glittering Gloria." Miss Rush was last seen here as Lady Holyrood in "Florodora."

Lillian Russell has signed a contract by which she will be the star in "My Lady Teazle," a comic opera. The book is by John Kendrick Bangs and Roderic C. Penfield. The music is by A. Baldwin Sloane.

A. W. Pinero's new play, "A Wife Without a Smile," was produced this month at the Wyndham Theater, London. It is described by its author as "a comedy in disguise," but proved to be a farce of a somewhat suggestive character. It was well acted and caused considerable laughter, but had a rather doubtful reception. Critics regard the piece as a burlesque on Barrie's recent plays.

Frederick Warde and "Bill" Nye were great friends. When the humorist first engaged in newspaper work he took a house on Staten island, and one day Mr. Warde went to dinner with him. Nye exploded some new stories, and Mr. Warde turning to his host's little girl, said: "Very clever papa you've got, my dear." "Yes," responded the demure little miss, "when there's company."

With liabilities of \$27,647.30 and assets of \$100, consisting of clothing claimed to be exempt, Arthur McKee Rankin, manager of Nance O'Neill, now playing at the Tremont theater, has filed a petition in bankruptcy with the clerk of the United States court in Boston. The petition names fifty creditors, of whom Nance O'Neill is the largest, with a claim of \$12,000 for salary and money loaned during the past two years.

Edith Mason, reinforced by the presence of her husband, Thomas Persse, has returned to the Tivoli, and is impersonating the pretty, placid peasant Suza in "Der Rarbelbinder" ("The Mouse-Trap Peddler"). She is at once an attractive and a reposeful figure in comic opera, more particularly when her methods are thrown in relief against those of the over-restless Dora de Philippe. Mr. Persse, a "pretty man," whose voice is apparently but little changed since we used to hear him in the Southwell Opera Company, is an acceptable addition to the strength of the company; which, as a whole, was particularly successful in conveying the simple, melodic beauty of the piece.—Argonaut.

Leaves to Cut

In "Nancy's Country Christmas," by Eleanor Hoyt, published October 20, by Doubleday, Page & Co., a heroine of fiction returns once more. She was the principal figure in "The Misdemeanor of Nancy."

"The Coming Conquest of England" is the title of August Niemann's book, which has been translated by J. H. Freese and Ashworth, and is to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is on the same line as "The Battle of Dorking" and "The Final War."

L. C. Page & Co. are publishing "The Hound From the North," by Ridgwell Cullum. It is a story of adventure, centering around "The Hound," with the scenes laid in the Klondike and Northwestern Canada.

John Lane will issue next week "Captain Amyas," by Dolf Wyllard, author of "The Story of Eden" and "The Rat Trap." The book will tell the career of D'Arcy Amyas, late master of R. M. S. Princess.

Stewart Edward White is ending his honeymoon in the Sierras with a bear hunt. He expects to return to his home in Santa Barbara to take up his literary work. His latest story, "The Rawhide," begins serially in the November McClure's. It is a story of the Arizona desert.

Elliott Flower's new book, "Delightful Dodd," is the story of country life in the state of Michigan. The publishers are L. C. Page & Co.

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In the Musical World

The Ellis Club concert, the chief musical event of the week, may certainly be esteemed among the greater successes of its nine years' history. The chorus of fifty or so male voices has never been more finely equipped nor in keener fettle, the large proportion of professional and semi-professional singers adding the surety of touch which lifts it immeasurably above the ordinary run of amateur bodies.

In a program of catholic diversity admirably calculated to show the versatility of the choir the most marked impression was created with Dubois' Tarantella, a most difficult and evasive work by reason of its novel tonal changes and rapid tempo.

Meyer-Helmund's "In a Gondola"—a prime old favorite, and one full of warm remembrance of Seymour Locke—very naturally took strong hold of the audience, its suave, undulating movement having quite the captivating laziness of the Venetian style. I fearfully surmise, however, that music of this character is not altogether free from danger to those who have been tenderly nurtured; for fair Miss Blanche Rogers, with her liquid touch and dreamy tints, fairly ran away with my ordinarily stony heart, and I am a perfect wreck this bright autumnal morning. Mr. Christopher essayed a rather nerve-racking task in doing solo work in front of a lot of seasoned veterans, but he came through the ordeal pleasantly; and, with the ripeness of experience, may be looked to for some seasoning of his own.

Girschner's "Beware" showed the conductor, Mr. Poulin, at his best, the tricky little broken phrases being capably brought out and thoroughly held in hand, while the almost pathetic air with which the singers emitted the warning "She is fooling thee," particularly the more ancient ones (ah, sad dogs!), showed only too plainly how much and how often they had been there.

All these three works had insistent recalls, and but for the rarely transgressed rule of the club must have brought encore numbers. This rule was, however, relaxed in favor of the writer's "Idylle Mongolienne," which, given with piquant vividness and dashing verve by the club, brought a second interpretation which was even better than the first. No small share of the effect was unquestionably due to the four-hand Ballet Dance accompaniment of Miss Kate Hawkins and Miss Blanche Rogers, with Mr. Waldo Chase at the organ. The primo part is frightfully difficult, and only an accomplished pianist like Miss Hawkins would dare venture it. Acknowledgement is due to Mr. Poulin in his gracious surrendering of the baton to the composer and singing with the first tenors.

Mrs. Catherine Collette's appearance with the club was of especial interest in view of her last year's study in Paris. That this charming songstress has advanced on the interpretative side of her art was amply shown on Tuesday evening, when, with all the old buoyancy and abandon of a lovely natural voice, Mrs. Collette made an instantaneous and unmistakable hit with her audience, encore numbers necessarily following each of her programmed songs. I personally like our favorite of the old St. Vincent days in songs of a quiet and sympathetic trend, and in Chadwick's "He loves me" Mrs. Collette found full emotional content.

Mr. Poulin directed with all his accustomed surety and confidence; and the Auditorium was practically filled with the most enthusiastic audience which I have seen at an Ellis Club concert.

The undue proportion of the people over the sadly small number of vocal teachers is happily showing signs of amelioration. Max Heinrich has already made announcement of his intention to come among us and lead us in the paths of musical righteousness; and now Madame Etta Edwards, a famous and most honestly successful Boston teacher of voice, is to settle here and take up her practice.

I imagine that, on a conservative estimate, this will give about one singing master to every three possible pupils. So, ladies and gentlemen of the effete East, there is still room and to spare. Come, then, and stand not on the order of your coming, either.

I had recently genial little missives from two blithe-hearted young students, the Misses Birdie Chanslor and Winifred Llewellyn, who have been touring Europe with a home party for the last year. They were in Switzerland at the last hearing, and expected to be back in Los Angeles sometime about Christmas. Happy maids to be able to see the world and its wonders at their time of life!

Estelle Catherine Heartt, too, who is pushing ahead in New York, sends a cheery word to compliment the *Graphic* on its interesting contents and characteristic style. Miss Heartt intimates that, in her opinion, we grow better and better with every issue. Thank you, Miss Estelle, thank you. Here's to you and your future!

Why will the picturesque press agent insist on talking such arrant rubbish? Everything he gets hold of is the greatest that ever was; and now it is that Ysaye, Musin and Miss Marie Nichols are "the three greatest living violinists."

How utterly absurd this bluster is! Surely it must largely defeat its own object—as surely as it disgusts the people who have some knowledge and some sanity left.

Ysaye is a great artist, truly; Musin is no lightweight, and Miss Nichols may be even a risen star for aught I know. But, these three "the greatest living violinists"—Fudge!

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Sousa is with us again, but the **Graphic** goes to press too early in the week for a notice of his first concert. But what boots it? There is only one Sousa, and one Sousa concert is as like unto another Sousa concert as our first love is like unto our—well, as many as we have the fortune to number—more sweet, more fragrant, more delightful. That is, I suppose so. It is so much out of my line that I would not like to swear to it.

The Los Angeles Art Organ Company is hastening the erection of the fine new Christ Church organ, but it will probably be a month before the instrument is fully completed.

Just so soon as all is in trim shape Mr. Walker proposes to inaugurate the feature of special musical services, with churchly cantatas as a strong background.

Mr. Butler, too, the brilliant young organist of the church, will doubtless enter upon a series of organ recitals with an instrument worthy of his abilities.

The Parsifal in English of the Savage Company met with enormous success in Boston, the house being sold out. This company claims to have an all-American chorus of fine musical quality and large personal charm.

The Casino this week is Richard Harlow as Queen Isabella and, yet once again and from first to last, Richard Harlow as Queen Isabella. For the rest it is not possible to say much, because this clever actor so completely dwarfs everything and everybody else that they sink into profound obscurity.

It might be possible, perhaps, to interpose a good word on behalf of Miss Bernice Holmes and the chorus, into the latter of which Mr. Harlow seems to have injected some appreciation of the value of movement and unflagging interest.

I was, perforce, late on Monday evening, and saw only the latter portion of the first act; but what I did see was teeming with life and action, the semi-circle having spread itself out into a fully peopled stage.

Miss Holmes looked even more charming than as Piquillo—than which admiration can no further go. The little she had to do she did admirably; but it was very little, and her isolated song on the prow of the boat, I am sorry to say, neither added to the cheerfulness of the occasion nor had much to do with the case.

The introduced crowd of sure-enough "newsies" did a capital bit of business in the American act, one little chap easily running away with the honors from the regulars in his step dance. In fact, it is plain to see that the management slips up on much of its own specialty work. Mr. Adde's recitation and Miss Purday's featuring are cases in point. On the contrary, Mr. Stammers's success with his six cooned maidens in "The Belle of New York" should readily show the straight road to popular favor.

Harlow as the Queen must be seen. His work in

womanly characterization is a marvel—and when I say "womanly" I mean it. Harlow does not take off woman—he puts her on with her dress; and, so far as I saw his delineation, there is not the faintest tinge of vulgarity in word or manner.

The fine and unusually demonstrative house of Monday night would seem to indicate that the pretty little theater has struck its true vein; and I can cordially commend the seekers after a merry evening to take in Richard Harlow as Isabella tonight, and as Catherine in Evangeline next week.

Advance notices are all somewhat premature, with the exception of "Everyman" at Hazard's Pavilion next week. The music in this quaint old play lays claim to eminent suitability—simplicity in particular being a marked feature.

The Ellis Club will give a members' Smoker next Tuesday evening in their rehearsal hall, at which time and place music, mirth and jolly good fellowship may be depended upon to hold full sway.

It may be stated in this connection that the Associate Membership list of two hundred names is now full—giving a sum of two thousand dollars to meet the current expenses of rehearsals and four concerts. If this be not more to the point than an infirmity and infinity of loud boasting I miss my guess.

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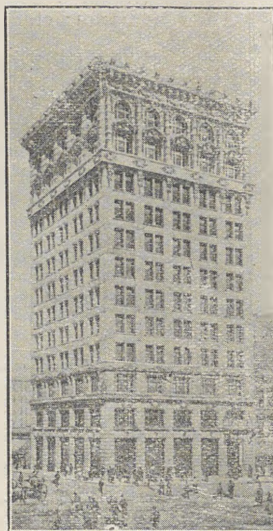
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A mass meeting was held at Orange, October 17,
 at which a vote was taken in favor of finding ways
 and means to provide for a bond election to supply
 the city with better fire protection.

Financial

Los Angeles, Oct. 27.

Since the bull movement which began in May,
 some stocks have risen over 30 points, while others
 have failed to do as well as the average. This
 must be regarded as one of the most remarkable
 advances that has ever occurred. It is most un-
 usual for a market to move in either direction for
 so great a distance and for so long a time without
 interruption not once, but several times.

At no time during the five months has there been
 a reaction in prices averaging as much as three
 points. In the spring of the year the rich men of
 Wall Street had money and they wanted stocks.
 They bought them, and are doubtless now selling
 at a very handsome profit. It is very certain that
 the distribution process has been carried on to some
 extent in the market as a whole, and to a consid-
 erable extent at certain places in the market. This
 is a fact of importance to those who are now spec-
 ulatively interested.

Transactions in stocks and bonds in the New
 York Stock Exchange during the past few days
 have been larger than at any time since May, 1901.
 Business over the country is regarded fair, and a
 steady improvement is noticeable in the absorbing
 capacity of the small investor.

The pig iron consumption of the country is rap-
 idly assuming the magnitude which prevailed pre-
 vious to the collapse of the boom of 1903. An ad-
 vance of not less than \$1 per ton in all grades of pig
 iron is predicted by steel men for the second quarter
 of next year. High water mark in the country's iron
 consumption was reached in May, 1903, while the
 low water mark of recent years was that of last
 December.

The firmness of foreign exchange is an indication
 that foreign bankers see no inducement to loan
 money here at current rates. Money on call is
 nominally unchanged. Time money is steady, with
 liberal offerings of long time funds.

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BONDS.

The school bonds of Newport Beach for \$5000
 will be advertised for sale November 2.

Resolution of intention has been adopted by the
 City Council of Santa Ana to call an election to vote
 bonds for \$100,000 to improve and extend the water
 system.

Electors of Alamo School District, county of San
 Diego, will hold an election November 12 in said
 Alamo school house, to vote on an issue of \$1600
 bonds, the proceeds to be used in purchasing a
 school lot, building and furnishing a school house.
 Bonds will be \$400 each, to bear 6 per cent inter-
 est and numbered one to four. Bond No. 1 to 2 to
 mature eight years from date and 3 and 4, ten years
 from date.

The Fielding J. Stilson Co., incorporated recently
 with a capital stock of \$150,000, fully paid up. It is
 the owner of large interests in Angeleno Heights
 Tract and also in other parts of the city. The pur-
 pose of the corporation is to buy and sell stocks and
 bonds, also real estate. Its offices are at 305-6 H.
 W. Hellman building.

Naco, Arizona, has called an election for November 5 to vote on an issue of \$5000 for building a school house and furnishing same.

A proposition is on foot to issue \$15,000 for the construction of school houses, one in the northern part of Douglas, Ariz., and the other in the Pirtle addition.

The Redlands bond election for \$10,000 carried. The proceeds are to be used in securing furniture and school apparatus for the new high school building. Bonds are of \$1000 each, bearing 5 per cent. The first two are to run one year, the next two to run two years, the next three, three years, and last three four years.

At meeting of the Los Angeles Board of Supervisors, October 24, the bids for the \$65,000 issue of Pasadena school bonds were opened. Mason, Lewis & Co. were the highest bidders, offering a premium of \$2067 and were awarded the bonds.

It is said that the Mexican government will issue a ten million dollar bond issue exclusively for irrigation purposes. The government has had for some time past engineers in the field studying plans for redeeming arid lands.

The Los Angeles Board of Supervisors on October 25, opened bids for the Howard school district bonds, which were sold to the Los Angeles Trust company at \$51 premium. The Supervisors ordered the \$5000 issue of school bonds for South Pasadena, advertised for sale. Bids are to be opened November 14.

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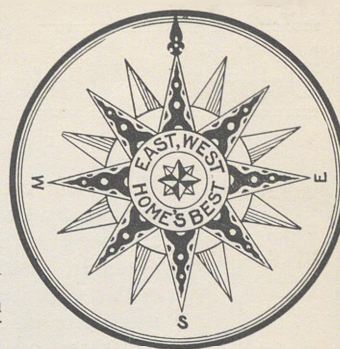
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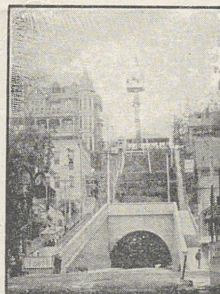
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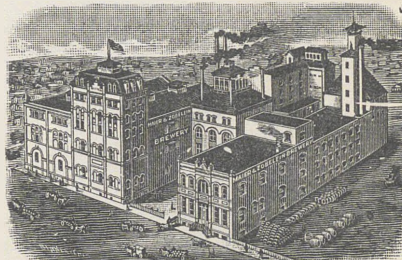
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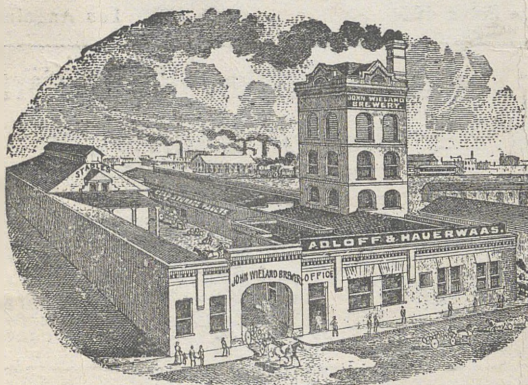
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